The Outlook

Vol. 65 July 7, 1900 No. 10

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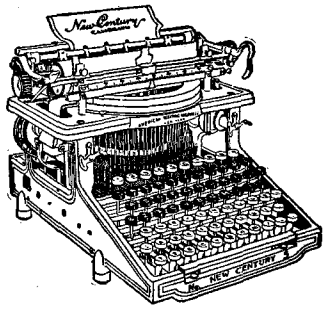

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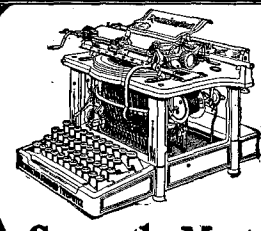

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The Outlook

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The War in China: Peking

After the long silence, news came to hand on Saturday of last week concerning the foreign Ministers at Peking. Admiral Kempff cabled as follows:

> Ministers in Peking were given twenty-four hours to leave, on the 19th. They refused and are still there. The Peking relief forces got half way. They were attacked by Imperial troops on the 18th. McCalla was in command. Four were killed and twenty-five wounded. McCalla and Ensign Taussig wounded, but not seriously. Now almost 14,000 troops ashore. Commander Wise commands at Tongku, in charge of transportation, rail and river. The combined nationalities find it necessary to make use of some civilians to operate railway. KEMPFF.

But on Monday the cable despatches again assert that Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, was murdered by Boxers in Peking on June 19. The other Ministers were reported as alive on June 25, but in great danger, while there are rumors that the Emperor and Dowager Empress have fled and that Prince Tuan is in power.

❀

Admiral Seymour's Expedition

The principal event last week in China was the return to Tientsin of Admiral Seymour's relief force, sent more than a fortnight before to Peking to succor the besieged foreigners there. At the very outset of the column's progress it was attacked by the Boxers, who were repulsed with considerable loss. These attacks increased in violence each day until the Boxers engaged a guard left to protect the railway station at Lofa. Reinforcements were sent back, and the Boxers finally retired, losing no less than a hundred killed. The Boxers had at the same time also attacked the vanguard of the column at Langfang, and were repulsed with the same loss. The following day the column pushed forward to Anting and engaged the enemy, inflicting a loss of nearly two hundred. At this point, finding that further advance by rail was impossible, owing to destruction of the track by the Boxers, Admiral Seymour proposed to organize an advance by river to Peking. Leaving Langfang, his rear guard was attacked, not only by Boxers, but by the Imperial troops, who had made common cause with the revolutionists. The result of the engagement was a loss of from four to five hundred killed on the part of the enemy. Admiral Seymour's casualties were six killed and forty-eight wounded. By this time the force was short of provisions and a withdrawal was decided on, in view of the fact that communication had been cut off with Tientsin for six days, and that there was no opportunity to get supplies elsewhere. On June 19, the wounded, with necessaries, started by boat on the return journey, the forces marching alongside the Peiho. From nearly every village on that river opposition was experienced, the Boxers occupying well-selected positions, from which they had to be forced, often at the point of the bayonet and in the face of a galling fire difficult to locate. On Sunday of last week, the column reached a point opposite the Chinese Imperial Armory above Tientsin, where, after friendly advances, a treacherous heavy fire was opened, the international forces being exposed on the opposite river bank. The enemy's position was at length turned by a party of marines and seamen, who occupied one of the salient points, seizing the guns. On Monday determined attempts were made by the Chinese to retake the place, but were unsuccessful. In the armory Admiral Seymour discovered arms, guns, and ammunition of the latest pattern. He was able to mount several guns in defence, and shell the Chinese forts lower down the river. Having found ammunition and rice, he could have held out for some days, but

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being hampered with his wounded, the number of whom had now increased to two hundred and twenty-eight (sixty-two of the foreign force had been killed), he sent for a relieving force, which arrived the next day. The armory was evacuated and burned. The forces arrived at Tientsin on the following day.

❀

Reinforcements While Great Britain has thus received some check to her military prestige, and took only a subordinate part in the Taku bombardment, a Russian column, under Colonel Schtelle, with other foreign contingents has started for Peking. It is said that there are ten thousand men in this new relief force. The Russians have now mobilized fifty thousand men on the Siberian frontiers, ready to cross into China, and Japan is mobilizing an equal number. England and France are hurrying ships and troops to Taku from Hong Kong and Tongking. Germany is endeavoring to keep order as far as possible in the province of Shantung. The United States has no territorial ambitions, but is moving armed forces to China to protect Americans in peril there. Our land forces will be commanded by Brigadier-General Adna R. Chaffee, whose record has been one of peculiarly high merit. His work in the Santiago campaign was specially noteworthy, and he enjoys great personal popularity. His appointment is thought to be one of the best which President McKinley has made. Last week the Ninth Infantry sailed from Manila for Taku, with an aggregate strength of thirteen hundred men. Each battalion is well supplied with machine guns. The Brooklyn, with Admiral Remey on board, is probably now in the neighborhood of Taku. The Oregon was expected at Taku on Friday of last week, but, unfortunately, she went aground on Thursday in the fog fifty miles from Chifu, striking a pinnacle rock, which went through the vessel's side. The Iris and Zafiro went to her assistance, but it is feared that the Oregon is so badly injured that she may prove a total loss. On arriving at Taku Admiral Remey will supersede Admiral Kempff in command of the American squadron. Some dissatisfaction has been shown with the former owing to the blind nature of his despatches. Apparently superfluous words have been common in them and seemingly important single words omitted. Admiral Remey has demonstrated his ability as sailorman, diplomat, and administrator. An Associated Press despatch from Taku says: "Rear Admiral Kempff opposed the policy of attacking the Chinese army unless they began hostilities. It is now admitted that the attacking of the forts by the forces of the Powers turned the Chinese, who were previously well disposed, into allies of the Boxers. Americans think this might have been avoided. Admiral Kempff has held aloof from hostilities beyond movements necessary to rescue Americans." American reinforcements are going to China from this country as well. On Sunday of this week the transport Grant sailed from San Francisco for Nagasaki and Taku, carrying eight hundred men of the Sixth Cavalry, three hundred recruits, and two hundred marines. The Ninth Infantry and a signal corps from Manila, together with the marines already in China, will complete General Chaffee's forces.

❀

The Boer War Last week there seems to have been more fighting in the Orange River Colony than in the Transvaal. There were three engagements in that colony, each resulting in a British victory. At Senekal, the British casualties were three killed and twenty-three wounded; at Lindley, ten killed and fifty-four wounded; and at Ficksburg, two killed and four wounded. The Boer casualties are not known. The principal event in the Transvaal seems to have been an attempt by the Boers to blow up the artillery barracks and magazine at Pretoria; an artilleryman frustrated the attempt by withdrawing the lighted fuse. Last week more interest was taken in Mr. Burdett-Coutts's charges of hospital mismanagement in South Africa than in any event in South Africa itself. The Government's defense was presented by Mr. Wyndham, Parliamentary Secretary to the War Office. The allegations as to neglect of the sick and wounded were frankly admitted to be true to a lamentable extent. This was due, it was stated, not to any stinting of supplies, but to insuperable difficulties in their distribution. Mr. Wyndham contended, however, that to

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have given a true impression of the state of affairs Mr. Burdett-Coutts should have shown the difficulties encountered in supplying seventy-five thousand troops on the march. A single line of railway, with bridges broken, had, by order of Lord Roberts, to carry over a thousand tons a day. Every demand on the Government in behalf of the troops, added Mr. Wyndham, had been met. There were beds in the hospitals in excess of the demands; in Natal there were five thousand beds, and in Cape Colony, nearly fourteen thousand. In all South Africa there were nearly five hundred army and over four hundred civilian medical officers; there were over five hundred female and over fifty-five hundred male nurses, besides the doctors and nurses engaged locally.

❀

The Boer Delegates Last week the Boer delegates to this country sailed for Europe, taking with them the money that has been raised here by the National Boer Relief Fund. The delegates issued a final appeal to the American people, in which they review the history of the Transvaal, charge England with duplicity in all its dealings with that country, regard the Jameson raid as a natural culmination of those dealings, affirm that it was only academically censured by the British Government and the public and that "the perpetrators were acclaimed as heroes in England and in British South Africa," while after the mildest form of punishment, inflicted so as to save appearances, some of the ringleaders have been actually promoted. They claim that the Transvaal Republic made every effort to avoid war, and issued the famous ultimatum only after British troops were moved up to the borders, additional troops were despatched from India, army corps were ordered out, the reserves called out, and a war Parliament summoned for October 6. The delegates do not dwell at great length upon the history of the war, but insist that the ability of untrained burghers to hold their own against a disciplined force, outnumbering them ten to one, has been amply demonstrated. "The Boers may be," they admit, "in the end defeated by overwhelming numbers, and may ultimately be forced to surrender. . . . But the conduct of the present war as well as the history of the past hundred years justifies us in saying that they will never be conquered." This appeal to American prejudices appears to us to indicate some skill in practical politics, though we do not think it will succeed. The delegates affirm that England has sought to monopolize the Klondike in America and the diamond mines in Africa —the one affirmation appears to us as little justified as the other—and that the issue in Africa in 1900 parallels that in America in 1776: "Our enemy to-day was your enemy in 1776. The same British Empire which sought to hold you in colonial subjection now demands from us an unconditional surrender of our national existence." Thus they lay a foundation for comparing their own mission to this country with that of Benjamin Franklin to France, adding:

> We do not ask of you anything in the shape of direct or forcible intervention, such as you secured from France and to which your historians attribute your ultimate victory over Great Britain. All we ask, and, indeed, all we need from you, in addition to the continuance of that public sympathy and moral support of which we are abundantly assured, is a convincing indication . . . that the people of the United States do not acquiesce in what Vattell has termed the monstrous doctrine that the independence of a nation defeated in war is completely at the mercy of the conqueror.

The United States as a *nation* has done all that it could do under any administration, Democratic or Republican, in tendering its good offices; further than that it cannot go. The *people* of the United States will differ on this issue as they do on most issues; but those who value the independence of a nation only as a means of protecting and promoting the liberty of the individual will not expend much sympathy on the Transvaal oligarchy, even though they think a wiser diplomacy than that of Mr. Chamberlain might have secured by peace all that his policy will secure by war.

❀

Ashanti Of the three wars in which Great Britain is now engaged, that in her African Gold Coast Colony, commonly known as Ashanti, is giving cause for peculiar dissatisfaction and anxiety. At Kumassi, the capital, Sir Frederick Hodgson, Governor of the Colony, has long been besieged by the rebellious Ashantis;

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the latest information from him said that he could hold out until June 20. A relief expedition was despatched from the coast to Kumassi, but its various divisions have met with serious reverses, complicated by the fact that the rivers are now all in flood, and the troops unable to move more than a few miles a day. The most serious reverse seems to have been at Poassi, on Tuesday of last week, when Colonel Carter, with four hundred men and two hundred carriers, was fired upon heavily from the bush. The force charged the bush and discovered a hidden stockade, which was carried at the point of the bayonet, but not before the British casualties amounted to nearly a hundred. The Ashanti loss is unknown; it was estimated that the attacking force numbered ten thousand, one-half of whom had muskets.

❀

The New Italian Ministry Last week the political disturbances in Italy were brought to a crisis by the resignation of the Pelloux Ministry. King Humbert requested Signor Saracco, the eminent Italian statesman, to form a new Ministry. Signor Saracco has been successful in this attempt, and his new Cabinet has now made its official bow before the Italian Parliament. In the closing session of the last Italian Parliament, the Pelloux Ministry attempted to obtain a vote of confidence from the Chamber of Deputies, approving the Cabinet's supposedly necessary action in suspending constitutional guarantees. As might have been expected, the demand was resisted by all who believed a suspension of the freedom of the press and of the liberty of public meeting unwarranted and unjust. Legislative obstruction was the result. Finally the Ministers decided to take the judgment of the country. Parliament was dissolved last month and an appeal to the constituencies ordered. The resulting elections showed an increase in the numbers of the Liberalists, but the Ministerialists were still able to elect a President of the Chamber of Deputies. Their majority had become so very small, however, that the Prime Minister not unnaturally regarded it as really a sign of adverse public opinion to his course and resigned office. His successor is now confronted by the necessity of modifying the Pelloux orders. The Liberalists of all shades, conscious of their new strength, are demanding more than this; they are calling for a national constitutional convention which shall restrict the conditions under which the Statuto, or Constitution, shall be amended or suspended. Unless such a reform is instituted, Italy may witness social and political revolution instead of evolution.

❀

The Prohibition Convention A Prohibition Convention met in Chicago last week representing thirty-seven States. It entertained no opinions, or at least declared none, respecting such questions as our foreign policy, our currency problem, our tariff laws, the Isthmian Canal, the governmental regulation of monopolies, national or other. It proclaimed but two principles, prohibition and woman suffrage. The former is stated by the party in the following words:

> We declare that there is no principle now advocated by any other party which could be manifested in government with such beneficent moral and material results as the principle of prohibition applied to the beverage liquor traffic; that National interest could be promoted in no other way so surely and widely as by its assertion through a National policy, and the co-operation therein of every State, forbidding the manufacture, sale, exportation, importation, and transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes; that we stand for this as the only principle proposed by any party anywhere for the settlement of a question greater and graver than any other before the American people, and involving more profoundly than any other their moral, future, and financial welfare, and that all the patriotic citizens of this country, agreed upon this principle, however much disagreement there may be upon minor considerations and issues, should stand together at the ballot-box, from this time forward, until prohibition is the established law of the United States, with a party in power to enforce it and to insure its moral and material benefits.

The rest of the platform, except the paragraph indorsing woman suffrage, is little more than an amplification and repetition of this affirmation of the supreme importance of prohibition as the one dominant issue in both National and State politics. This affirmation it couples with a denunciation of President McKinley "as a wine-drinker at public banquets and as a wine-serving host at the White House"—both of which he has a perfect right to be,

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so long as he is not, what no one charges him with being, intemperate—because he might by executive order have closed the army canteens, which is undoubtedly true, and because he has nullified the Act of March 2, 1899, popularly known as the Anti-Canteen Law, which is undoubtedly false. On this platform the Convention has nominated as its candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency respectively, Mr. John G. Woolley, of Illinois, and Mr. Henry B. Metcalf, of Rhode Island.

❀

An Estimate of the Party It is needless to say that this party cannot be taken seriously by any one who desires that his vote shall count immediately in the ensuing election. There is not the least possibility that the party will elect a single member of the Electoral College, or that its vote will have any appreciable immediate effect toward securing prohibition by either State or National legislation, and it is scarcely possible that it will even elect a single Prohibition member of the House of Representatives. The only conceivable value of a vote for the Prohibition party is as a protest against the other two parties, and as preparation for victory at some remote period in the future. But as this protest has been made election after election, and this preparation for a future victory has been gone through with year after year in both State and National elections, and the victory is no nearer realization now than it was a quarter of a century ago, it must be conceded, we think, by even the most sanguine Prohibitionist, that voting for the party is without political result, and is to be defended only for the sake of a supposed moral effect. Apart from this consideration, however, The Outlook is perfectly frank in affirming its conviction that the platform of the Prohibition party is not only politically impracticable, but also is erroneous in principle. We do not believe that National interest or National morals would be promoted "through a National policy, and the co-operation therein of every State, forbidding the manufacture, sale, exportation, importation, and transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes;" we do not believe that in the States where this policy has been tried the results have been an improvement of the moral condition of the community; we think, on the contrary, that whatever has been apparently gained for temperance has been more apparent than real, and has been accompanied by the promotion of evasion, false pretense, hypocrisy, and falsehood, which have been far more demoralizing than the open sale of liquor, which has been sometimes prevented, sometimes not, but can always be more efficiently prevented, at no such cost, by the policy of local option. Nor are we able to entertain a high intellectual and moral respect for would-be political leaders who, in such a time as this, preserve absolute silence on the National issues in which the great mass of their fellow-citizens are so profoundly interested, and speak only upon an issue which, under our Federal system, is primarily a State or local, not a National or Federal issue. As to woman's suffrage, it is hardly necessary for us to reaffirm our often affirmed conviction, that its adoption would be a distinct injury to the community socially, politically, and morally.

❀

Political Conventions Before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers the National Democratic Convention will be in session at Kansas City. In the following issue The Outlook will give to its readers two articles from Republican and Democratic correspondents respectively, and offer two opposing views of the events and character of the Convention, in the same way as in our articles of last week upon the Philadelphia Convention. The State Conventions of the week were rather numerous than important. In the Democratic Conventions there was absolutely no dissent worthy of speaking of from the general determination to renominate Mr. Bryan as a candidate, and while there is a great difference of opinion about the candidacy for the Vice-Presidency, nothing at all definite in the way of indication has been evolved. In the Illinois Convention the silver men were very prominent, and several of the speakers were anxious that the delegates should express themselves definitely on the question of the gold standard. The resolutions adopted reaffirmed the Chicago Platform, and especially reiterated the paragraph opposing "government by in-

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junction." The resolutions adopted included recommendations in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities and the taxation of franchises, condemned the Administration for the denial of home rule to Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines, and declared that the flag and the Constitution must stand together everywhere—by which we suppose it is meant that all Territories belonging to the United States should possess the privileges secured by the Constitution to members of the United States. The resolutions also expressed sympathy with the Boers, and favored an American interoceanic canal and the election of United States Senators by direct vote. Samuel Alschuler was nominated for Governor. In Arkansas the platform also renewed allegiance to the Chicago Platform, laid emphasis on the Monroe Doctrine, favored the building of the Nicaragua Canal by the Government, and denounced trusts and charged the Administration with assailing the Constitution by the denial of self-government to the Filipinos. In Maryland similar opinion was expressed as regards imperialism and the trusts, but there was an attempt to put the issue of 16 to 1 into the background. The Republican Conventions in Maine and Vermont have nominated as candidates for Governor, respectively, Mr. John F. Hill, of Augusta, and W. W. Stickney, of Ludlow. The platforms indorse in a general way the National platform adopted at Philadelphia. A notable thing about the Maine Convention was the extremely cordial reception accorded to Congressman Littlefield, despite, or should we say because of, the independent attitude he has more than once assumed on National political questions. In Minnesota the Republicans nominated S. R. Van Sant for Governor. The platform's most notable feature was the indorsement of the anti-trust Constitutional Amendment recently proposed in Congress.

❀

Hawaii Tuesday, June 14, was an important day in the history of the Hawaiian Islands. On that day Governor Dole took the oath of office and delivered an inaugural address, and the new Territorial Government was formally instituted. The account of the exercises which reached San Francisco last week stated that the native Hawaiians, who have been anything but enthusiastic in regard to public affairs and public ceremonies since the downfall of the native government, for the first time showed a positive interest in governmental matters. They looked upon the ceremony as in a measure a rehabilitation of their citizenship. The labor question continues to be the all-engrossing subject in Hawaii, and Governor Dole devoted a large part of his address to the subject, and urged that no commercial interest should be allowed to stand in the way of individual and National development in a high sense. A curious sequel to the inaugurating of the new government was the breaking out of a large number of strikes throughout the islands. The reasons assigned are that the Japanese laborers who have been prominent in the strike movement formed the idea that they were now American citizens, and that no American citizens could be required to work for less than a dollar a day. It is also said that they had formed another strange idea, namely, that unless the written contracts under which they had been employed under the old régime were surrendered to them on that day, they would still be in force.

❀

Cuba In Cuba the most important news event of the week was the issue of a formal order removing Mr. Rathbone from the office of Director-General of Posts. He has heretofore been under suspension only. It is still uncertain whether criminal prosecution will be instituted against Mr. Rathbone. Mr. Bristow, the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, has completed his investigation of postal affairs and has returned to Washington, and Mr. Martin C. Fosnes has been made Acting Director-General. No decision has been reached as to the extradition of Mr. Neely, charged with fraud, but this is not taken by anybody to mean that the Washington Administration is faltering in its design to prosecute vigorously all connected with the frauds. It is now certain that something like $100,000 was stolen, in addition to the amount fraudulently acquired by selling old stamps which should have been destroyed; it is impossible to tell how much this latter fraud involved, but it is probable that it was a considerable sum.

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Mr. Bristow instituted economies in the Cuban postal service which will lessen the annual expense by more than $100,000. Cuban papers continue to state that there is no doubt that representatives to a Constitutional Convention will be chosen in September or October by the municipalities, on the basis of one to every thousand of the population, but no official statement has been made on the subject. The trial of persons accused of defrauding the Cuban customs is still going on. The Commission appointed by the last Congress to make a thorough investigation of Cuban affairs is taking steps to that end, but probably little actual advance in the investigation will be made during the hot months.

❀

The St. Louis Strike In the St. Louis strike last week there was little or no violence, under the more efficient protection at last accorded by the authorities. In its place the strikers and their friends substituted an elaborate and far-reaching form of the boycott. Not only did they refuse to ride on the cars of the roads with which they were at odds and urge all citizens to do the same to aid their cause, but they threatened those who did not comply with their request with trade boycotting and all manner of annoyances. Thus it is stated that because a woman, going after a physician for her husband, rode upon a Transit Company car, druggists refused to allow her the customary use of their telephone, and to fill prescriptions for her, while her butcher and grocer refused to continue to trade with her, declaring that if they did they would be injured by the strikers. Owing partly to sympathy and partly to fear, the passenger traffic on the street-cars, interdicted by the boycotters, dropped to insignificant proportions. We need hardly repeat our frequently expressed conviction that the kind of boycott which consists of threats and persecution is both illegal (as has more than once been held by the courts) and futile, because in the long run no community can carry on business with comfort or decency under such conditions. Moreover, such a boycott as that described invariably defeats itself, because it soon becomes a public nuisance too troublesome to be endured and thus breaks of its own weight. On another page will be found a letter from a St. Louis correspondent giving a different version of some of the earlier events of the strike from that contained in The Outlook's paragraphs. We are, as always, glad to correct errors, but we must add that both newspaper reports and letters from private correspondents have differed radically in their statements about what actually took place.

❀

The Ice Trust Decision The decision rendered last week by Justice Chester of the New York Supreme Court in what are known as the Ice Trust proceedings, makes it possible, if the decision is sustained by the Court of Appeals, to carry on the inquiry into the operations of the Ice Trust on the plan originally attempted. Two writs of prohibition had been granted by Justice Herrick which had the effect of forbidding the court referee, Mr. Nussbaum, from compelling the officers of the ice companies to testify before him and to present the books of the company. The points of law involved were somewhat abstract, but the main position taken by Justice Chester was that the referee was duly and properly appointed under the New York Anti-Trust Law, and that it was the intention of the law that he should exercise something more than ministerial duty. In other words, the referee stood in much the position which in other cases might be held by a Supreme Court judge, and, as Justice Chester pointed out, it would be quite untenable to declare that a writ of prohibition might be issued by one justice of a court against another justice of the same court, forbidding him to examine witnesses and papers. Incidentally Justice Chester pushed aside various objections to the constitutionality of the Anti-Trust Law. It is improbable, despite this decision, that the examination will be proceeded with immediately, as a stay will probably be asked for by the counsel of the ice companies, and an appeal taken. Governor Roosevelt has been obliged to postpone for the present the decision upon the charges against Mayor Van Wyck and other city officials in connection with the Ice Trust matter, not only because of his necessary absence from the city, but because it is impossible

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to proceed further until the Attorney-General has prepared a full report upon the matter, in which are involved some nice questions of law and executive authority.

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The Conviction of Roberts

Utah has in a measure vindicated itself through the determined prosecution and conviction of Brigham H. Roberts on a charge of unlawful cohabitation, or living with a plurality of wives. Two trials were necessary, as in the first the jury disagreed. In the second, however, Mormon jurors united with Gentiles and pronounced Mr. Roberts guilty of holding out a third wife to the world, while maintaining his relations with his first wife. It would not have been possible in other days to have prevailed upon Mormons to convict one of their own number in a case affecting their religion. On the records of the Utah courts, during the polygamy prosecutions from 1882 to 1889, can be found many cases giving proof of Mormon determination not to submit to the laws which they declared were unconstitutional, as being an interference with the exercise of religion. That a mixed jury has now been able to agree in a trial under such laws shows that public sentiment in Utah has changed and the Mormons feel it is necessary to heed the opinions of the American people. No doubt the outburst against Mr. Roberts and his rejection by Congress have been a lesson, and with Roberts disgraced at home and abroad there is little danger that another polygamist will attempt to affront the Nation by endeavoring to obtain a seat in Congress. From such a condition it is easily possible for the people of Utah to advance to the position where they will decline to permit any polygamist to represent them even in State affairs.

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Presbyterian Revision

Professor Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D., of Princeton Theological Seminary, has declined to serve on the Committee of Revision, to which he was appointed by the last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The reasons for his declination are contained in a letter to the Stated Clerk of the General Assemby which has, been made public. They are, in brief, that the Assembly should have paid no heed to the overtures of the Presbyteries containing requests for some revision of the Confession, for the reasons that these requests were precipitate, that they were ill-timed because they followed an assault by enemies upon Confessional statements, and that they were more than counterbalanced by the "eloquent silence of five-sixths of the Presbyteries of the Church." He adds, with what seems to us somewhat extraordinary inconsistency, that "in the circumstances it was rather the duty of the Assembly to reaffirm the doctrines that had been assailed;" and also that he desires "above all things to see the Church pass quietly away from this disturbing agitation concerning its fundamental beliefs, which form the basis of its unity." How it can escape a "disturbing agitation" by reaffirming the doctrines which are confessedly preached only by a very small minority of the Presbyterian clergy, and probably believed by only a comparatively small minority, we do not understand. Of course the whole question at issue in the Presbyterian Church is begged by the implication that the doctrine of particular election and limited atonement is one of the "fundamental beliefs" of the great Presbyterian Church.

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The Northfield Conference

Last week at Northfield, Mass., the first meetings of the fifteenth annual Northfield Students' Conference were held. This year's conference is characterized by a deserved prominence given to missionary interests, and the Northfield management is to be congratulated on securing the services of such veteran and distinguished missionaries as the Rev. Dr. John Paton, of New Hebrides, the Rev. Drs. Ashmore and Taylor, of China, and the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, of India. The Executive Committee of the Students' Volunteer Movement is also arranging for a missionary institute in order to foster and give practical direction to the missionary interest. The conduct of the institute will be in the hands of the Rev. Harlan P. Beach and his associates, secretaries of the Students' Volunteer Movement. Other departments of Christian work will not suffer, however, by the necessary prominence given to the missionary department

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in this year of great expansion, religious as well as political and commercial. The "Normal Training Class for Personal Work" will be conducted this year by the Rev. S. M. Sayford, of Newton, Mass. The "Normal Devotional Bible Classes" will be under the charge of such experienced teachers as Professors Bosworth, of Oberlin, Wright, of Yale, and Saylor of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. J. R. Mott, who has been connected with the Northfield Students' Movement since its inception, will preside at the platform meetings, morning and evening. The Sunset meetings on "Round Top," which have been perhaps the most impressive and helpful feature of previous conferences, will be continued, and are likely now to be more impressive than ever since the spot has become doubly sacred as the chosen place for Mr. Moody's burial.

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The Congregational Education Society

Last week in Boston there took place the eighty-fourth annual meeting of the Congregational Education Society. The Rev. C. O. Day, the Corresponding Secretary, presented the annual report, and stated that there had been appropriations to various institutions in the treasury of $33,000, as against only $8,600 last year. This surprising increase is not in any very marked degree the result of increased contributions, although these have held their own, with perhaps some gain; it has arisen through the payment of a substantial legacy and through the generous gift of $15,000 from Dr. Pearsons. We note in this report a reaffirmation of the convictions upon which the theological scholarship department of this society rests. Four principles are stated: (1) The churches must themselves raise up a strong ministry; (2) merit as well as need must condition aid; (3) students should concentrate all their strength upon their studies while pursuing them; and (4) should be able to go forth free from debt to undertake labor in remote and difficult fields. The Society proposes to reduce the amount of a scholarship from seventy-five to fifty dollars, and to make this department self-supporting by means of invested funds and special gifts. The changes have been accepted and substantially approved by all the institutions affected. The number of scholarships paid has fallen off from 162 last year to 138 this year. Among the colleges Amherst enrolls the largest number of recipients, and among the seminaries Chicago and Hartford. As feeders for the colleges, the society has also enrolled seventeen academies as worthy of its aid, with six others indorsed and indirectly related to the above. Mr. Day was well within the mark in saying that no nobler or more patriotic service is being rendered in the land to-day than by these Christian schools. They produce the best, because Christian, type of citizenship. We report the work of this Society without here expressing any judgment concerning the wisdom of thus giving systematic aid to theological students. We are inclined to the opinion that this policy does more to injure than to aid the churches to secure the best men for their pulpits.

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College Commencements

The closing week of the Commencement season witnessed many delightful college festivals under conditions of temperature which have become associated by tradition with Commencement exercises. It was significant that nearly every baccalaureate sermon preached laid special emphasis on the growing necessity of absolute integrity of character and the spiritual view of life; so long as the colleges remain true to these ancient traditions of the best American culture, the country cannot be wholly given over to commercialism. At Harvard the degree of D.D. was conferred upon Dr. H. B. Frissell, Principal of Hampton Institute, than whom no man now working along educational lines in this country deserves more genuine recognition. President Wheeler, of the University of California, received the degree of LL.D., as did also the British Minister, Lord Julian Pauncefote. At Amherst an honorary degree was conferred upon another distinguished educator, in the person of Dr. Washburn, President of Roberts College at Constantinople, through whose extraordinary courage and tact that institution was able to continue its work undisturbed during the critical and terrible days of the Armenian outrages. The principal event at Williamstown was

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the dedication of Jesup Hall, the very commodious and convenient building recently presented to Williams College by Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of this city, to be used for all the purposes connected with the social life of the students. At St. Lawrence University, the Rev. Almon Gunnison, formerly pastor of All Souls' Church, Brooklyn, was formally installed as President, with appropriate exercises. Mr. Whitelaw Reid delivered the customary address as Honorary Chancellor at Union University, taking as his theme the power of education, commenting upon the extraordinary volume of gifts from private persons to educational institutions during recent years, and laying special emphasis on the importance of university atmosphere, the individual influence of the teacher, and the educational power of humanities, with science in its proper place. The announcement was made at the Alumni dinner that for the first time in forty years Union was free from debt. It may also be added, as a more convincing evidence of Dr. Raymond's success, that there is probably not a student in the college who does not respect and love him. Reports from the Western colleges and universities indicate general prosperity and constantly enlarging educational opportunities. The Americans who were honored with degrees at Oxford this year were Bishop Doane, of Albany, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, and Professor Baldwin, of Princeton.

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At Yale Commencement Week at Yale had strong special interest this year apart from the usual picturesque and customary Commencement features, because it marked the close of the first year of President Hadley's administration. The President's address included a significant review of the past and more than one important announcement for the future. Gratifying success, the President reported, had met the extension of the elective system. In the Senior year the entire course was for the first time elective, while the range of choice in the Sophomore year now allows the student to make his study in that year the basis of a serious and thorough course in the two years to follow. Dr. Hadley laid stress on the fact that the choice of electives actually made beyond question showed serious purpose and not a desire to take easy work. As to the secret-society question which has agitated the college so greatly the past year the opinion was expressed that the students would regulate the matter themselves in the true Yale spirit of democracy, and that the trouble grew out of the fact that the old society system could no longer stand the strain placed on it by the constantly increasing number of students—this year's class, by the way, is the largest ever graduated, numbering 327. Next year is Yale's bicentennial, and the fund to commemorate that event has already reached the sum of $1,090,000, of which $250,000 is pledged conditionally. Among the announcements of gifts the most novel and interesting is that of the establishing by William E. Dodge, of New York, of a lectureship on the duties of Christian citizenship and the sense of personal responsibilities for the performance of those duties. Another new course of lectures of special interest is that established by gift of Mrs. Isaac H. Bromley on subjects connected with journalism, literature, or public affairs. The Commencement visitor most enthusiastically received was Mr. Elihu Root, Secretary of War, upon whom the University bestowed the degree of LL.D., conferred by Yale this year on only one other person—Dr. L. A. Stimson. The Yale victory over Harvard in the eight-oared race at New London, on Thursday, completed the week's record, although enthusiasm was slightly dashed by Harvard's victory in the two minor events, and the fact that an accident to Harvard's University stroke forced her to row under disadvantage.

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The Meeting of the Scientists The American Association for the Advancement of Science held its forty-ninth annual meeting in this city last week. It is thirteen years since the Association has met in New York, though its forty-third session was held in Brooklyn; and the meeting which has just closed is the second meeting only that has been held in this city. The sessions were nearly two months in advance of the usual time, in order to secure the attendance of a large number of members who

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expect to spend the summer at the Paris Exposition. The early date, the fact that many of the members have already gone abroad, and the further fact that from this programme were omitted all the so-called "social" and "recreation" features, undoubtedly tended to lessen the attendance; yet the meeting was the tenth largest that the Association has held. About four hundred and fifty members were duly registered, with an attendance of perhaps six hundred and fifty in all. At the opening session, on Monday, President Low delivered the address of welcome in behalf of Columbia University; to which response was made by Professor Woodward, of Columbia, the President of the Association; followed by a short address by the Hon. James Wilson, United States Secretary of Agriculture. The nine sections held daily meetings, in addition to the general sessions of the Association. Fifteen affiliated societies also met from day to day—members of the Association participating in the discussions. The attendance covered nearly every State in the Union, and included several scientists of note from abroad. The government entomologist from Cape Colony probably made the longest journey; but the Canadian State entomologist and other officials from other governments testified to the interest felt by outsiders in the work of the Association.

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Sectional Meetings

Much interest was manifested by the members of the National Association in the proposed International Association for the Advancement of Science, Art, and Education. The Forestry Association and the Social Science section seemed to attract the greatest public interest. In the former, Secretary Wilson participated in the debates; and the papers bore especially upon the results to this country of the unnecessary deforestation which is now progressing at such frightful speed. In the latter section, Mr. Edward Atkinson, who endeavored to turn even scientific discussion along the path of anti-imperialism, seemed the drawing attraction. The meetings of the astronomical and the astrophysical sections, in which all phenomena of the recent eclipse were thoroughly discussed, were also of especial value. The members of the Association and of the affiliated societies manifested particular interest in the Zoölogical Gardens and the Botanical Gardens of the city, and in the American Museum of Natural History. The advances made in science, either by the city or by the co-operation of the city with scientific societies, were noted with great satisfaction. The hospitalities of Columbia University, its unusual facilities for the care for such a meeting as this, and its remarkable equipment, were the subject of favorable comment by all the members. As President for the ensuing year the Association elected Charles Sedgwick Minot, of the Harvard Medical School. The Association will hold its next meeting in Denver.

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The North German Lloyd Disaster

Unparalleled in the history of the port of New York, and perhaps unparalleled in the history of shipping, was the appalling destruction of life and property at the Hoboken piers and in the North River last Saturday. With the most astounding swiftness the fire—started, some say, by so-called spontaneous combustion in cotton, others think by a stray spark which fell upon cotton or other combustible material—spread from pier to pier and from ship to ship, finding ready food for flames in the thousands of tons of cargo lying on the docks and in the contents of the ships. Four of the great steamships owned by the North German Lloyd Line, one of the largest ship companies of the world, lay at the pier, some loading, some nearly ready to sail. In the vessels were hundreds of longshoremen and deck-hands. So swift were the flames that many barely escaped with their lives by leaping into the water, not a few being severely burned; others—how many will probably never be known, but it is feared, as we write, at least a hundred and fifty persons—were shut in below decks to a horrible death, or escaped the flames only to perish by drowning. Nothing in all the history of calamities is more pitiful than the story of the men in the ships calling for aid from out the port-holes (too small to allow exit) to friends near-by in tugs and small boats, who were absolutely unable to afford the slightest assistance. The one common thought since the frightful calamity has been that of sympathy

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for the wives and children of these poor fellows—many of them across the ocean in Germany awaiting their return. Several women were undoubtedly among the lost. Captain Mirow, of the Saale, died on his ship. Of the four large ships on fire, the finest and one of the largest ships in the world, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, was saved without serious damage by being dragged into the stream. The Saale, the Bremen, and the Main will prove nearly a total loss, as will also several lighters. No close approximate estimate of the money loss is possible as we write, but it may have exceeded $5,000,000.

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Admiral Philip's Death The same qualities which in the civil war made Admiral Foote loved as well as honored were found in Rear-Admiral John W. Philip, who died of heart disease on Saturday last, at his home in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he occupied the post of Commandant. Like Admiral Foote, Admiral Philip was not only a brave and gallant officer, he was also in the fullest sense a Christian gentleman—quiet and unostentatious in his religion, but plain-spoken and sincere. Nothing touched the hearts of the American people in the war with Spain more directly than Captain Philip's exclamation to the crew of his ship, the Texas, when the Spanish ships were burning and sinking near Santiago, "Don't cheer, boys; the poor fellows are dying!" And after the sea-fight was over he called all hands on deck and made a public profession of his trust in God and asked them to join him in thankfulness to the Almighty for the great victory. Apart from his share in the defeat of the Spaniards, Admiral Philip had a long and honorable naval career; indeed, it is stated that up to the time of his assignment to the Brooklyn Navy Yard his actual sea-service exceeded in amount that of any other officer of his rank in the Navy. His very first sea-duty was on the famous old Constitution, as a midshipman, and when the civil war broke out he had been several years out of the Naval School and held a commission. He fought with gallantry in the Gulf, on the James River, and in the blockade of Charleston, and received at least one wound in action. After the war he served in many capacities at sea and on shore—with a few years of leave of absence in the merchant marine—and when the war over Cuba began was in the prime of his abilities. His record as captain of the Texas is familiar to all our readers. None of the promotions for brilliant participation in the naval engagements with Spain's forces was more acceptable to the people of the United States than that which gave Captain Philip the privilege of flying the Rear-Admiral's blue flag.

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Considerations for the Campaign

In the political campaign on which we are about entering there are three considerations which, if the citizen keep them in mind, will prevent him from becoming consumed with the fever heats of partisan self-will or wearing and worrying anxiety. To be earnest but not anxious, to be strong and yet calm, is a condition which all should desire, but which all will not attain.

I. The real issue is never between the extremists. There are always actors who play, as the saying is, to the galleries, and it is the demagogue who gets the loudest shouting; but it is not the demagogue who gets the greatest number of votes. There are always partisans who are ready to seize upon these utterances of the extremists and represent them as the exponents of their party, but the representation is never true. In every election the final victory is won by a comparatively small number of voters; even in the most decisive National elections a very small percentage of votes cast on the other side would have produced a different result. It is on this vote, which in both parties is non-partisan, on this constituency, which is, if we may so express it, in the penumbra of each party, that the election really depends. A very small minority, therefore, really decides every hotly contested election. Whoever is elected President must retain this constituency which hesitates between Democracy and Republicanism, and the consciousness of this fact gives to the conservative element in the victorious party a political power far beyond its

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mere numbers. The Democratic party will not be as revolutionary as many honest Republicans fear, nor will the Republicans be as imperialistic as many honest Democrats fear. In a political campaign the tendency is to measure each party by the extremists; in fact, the tendency of each party is determined by its conservatives.

II. The heart of humanity is good, though not always its judgment. We recognize this when we get away from the passion of the battle-hour. The North can now honor General Lee and the South can honor General Grant; we all know now, what we did not all know while the war was raging, that the former was not a traitor nor the latter a Cæsar. In the last election there was not a debtor class who were trying to scale down their debts by paying them in a depreciated currency, nor a creditor class who were trying to add to the value of the debts due them by enhancing the value of the currency. If half the people of the United States were the knaves which in every election party orators and party presses would have us believe, the Republic could not have lasted for even a century. The questions at issue between Democrat and Republican are real questions, on which honest and intelligent men may well differ. A Presidential election is not a campaign in which the friends of their country are fighting a desperate battle against its foes; it is a great debate in which men of different temperament take different sides and the truth is elucidated by the discussion. As the result of the financial discussion four years ago, many farmers came to understand the currency question better than some bankers had understood it before. The last year's debate on our foreign policy has made historical students and constitutional students out of men who formerly hardly knew how Louisiana came to be added to the Union, and never even considered the rights and duties of Congress over United States territory under a Constitution. If in this great debate we respect our opponents' opinions they will respect ours; if we attribute their judgment to evil motives we have only ourselves to thank if we suffer under a similar imputation. We may differ in our judgment as to the unconscious tendencies of the two parties; but Mr. McKinley is not attempting to establish an imperial dynasty on the ruins of the Republic, and Mr. Bryan is not a Robespierre in disguise whose election will initiate a Red Reign of Terror. Let us not forget that we are all Americans; that every Presidential election is a crisis; that somebody is always grievously disappointed at the result; and yet that somehow the country has still remained safe.

III. Still more important is the reflection that God is to be reckoned with in current history; and that while human errors and vices may hinder his achievement of his purposes they cannot thwart him altogether. As we look back we can easily see how events which most bitterly disappointed some of us at the time were seized hold of by a power greater than ourselves and made to serve the ends of righteousness. The failure of the nascent Republican party to elect General Fremont in 1856 was a bitter disappointment to those who were engaged in that memorable struggle; but subsequent events demonstrated that probably the election of any Republican, and certainly the election of the Pathfinder, would have been disastrous to the cause of liberty; for it would have brought the inevitable controversy on before the North was prepared for it, and under a leader unequal to the occasion. The failure to nominate William H. Seward in the Republican Convention of 1860 was a bitter disappointment to the supposedly wisest men in the Republican party; but the nomination of Lincoln gave to the country a President as providentially fitted for his work as was Moses to the work of emancipation in his time. Even disasters become, not only presages of victory, but contributions to it, when the cause and kingdom of God are at stake. The Mexican war, the abolition of the Missouri Compromise, the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, were all necessary steps toward the final emancipation of the slave in America. He who has faith in God as the Ruler of Nations no less than the Father of individuals can, as a result, be at once more earnest in his advocacy of what he believes to be divine principles, and more undisturbed by what appears to be their defeat.

He who enters upon the approaching campaign in this spirit and who maintains

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this spirit throughout, who criticises without asperity but without ambiguity affirmations of political principles which he believes to be false, and maintains with enthusiasm but without passion political principles which he believes to be sound, who respects the men from whom he differs and so wins their respect for him, who seeks to ascertain the views of his opponents from them and not from their hostile critics, who seeks to understand what they think, not what their antagonists think that they think, who believes in his country, in his countrymen, and above all in his God, may not only pass through the ordeal unscathed, but may derive from it an enlarging of his political knowledge, a widening of his human sympathies, and a strengthening of his religious faith.

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The Situation in China

Through the anxieties and agitations which have been caused by the uncertainty concerning the fate of the foreign Ministers and residents in Peking, and of the little band of men under Admiral Seymour which has been trying to rescue them, the possible magnitude of the movement in China has been steadily pressing itself home to the consciousness of the Western world. If what has taken place in the last few weeks is a peasants' revolt, it is a matter of comparatively small importance. This was what most Western readers assumed when the first reports of disorder were published. They remembered how many insurrections there had been in China, how often small sections of the country had risen against foreign influence and had with more or less energy expressed their hatred of foreign residents, and they jumped to the conclusion that the present revolt was like all its predecessors. There are, however, indications that this is not a sporadic outbreak of the old-time antipathy; that it is not a peasants' revolt, but that it is a general rising of a large section of China, which is likely to take on the magnitude and seriousness of a great reactionary movement.

Very few Western readers realize how far the reform movement in China has gone. Professor Headland's admirable account in last week's Outlook of its spread and of the enthusiasm which it has awakened was read with astonishment by many intelligent people who had failed to comprehend how rapidly events have moved in China during the last decade, and how far and wide foreign influences of every kind have spread. It is not surprising that the great group of officials whose interests are centered in the preservation of China as it is, with the Empress at their he d, are jealous of foreign encroachment, and that a great body of the people of the country, who still cherish the traditional feeling against foreigners, have risen in a desperate attempt to check foreign influence and hold Chinese institutions and traditions where they are; for it is quite clear that if the reform movement had gone on at the rate at which it has progressed of late, very radical changes would have been brought about in China in the near future—changes which would have told disastrously on the influence, the emoluments, and the authority of many dominant classes.

Those who study this great drama in the East from the Western point of view are, of course, persuaded that in the long run it is idle for China to attempt to resist Western ideas and methods; these are bound to find an entrance, and armed opposition will not finally arrest them. On the other hand, when one recalls the great concessions which have been made to foreigners during the past few years, the steady encroachment of the Powers on Chinese territory, the intrenchment of Russian authority in the north, the colony of Germany at Kiouchou on the east coast, and the claims of the French in the south, it must be conceded that those who wish to keep China for the Chinese, and who are eager either for patriotic or material reasons to hold on to the old order, have good cause for alarm. That China will gain in the end by accept ing Western ideas there is no doubt; that the country will be best developed both politically and materially under Western direction is equally clear; and that in the end China will pass to a large extent, temporarily, at least, under Wes ern control, is entirely probable. But the attitude of the Chinese who are opposed alike to the foreign missionary, the foreign banker, the foreign diplomatist, and the foreign soldier is by no means incomprehensible.

If it should prove that the present

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movement is a widespread reaction against those reforms which are a part of the spread of foreign influence, the schemes of the great Powers are likely to be, for the time being, at least, thwarted. It will be entirely possible for the Powers to protect their own citizens in China and their own interests, so far as those interests are defined, but it will be almost impossible for them to undertake the conquest of the country by force of arms. The world fear of the "Yellow Terror," the invasion of Europe by hordes of Chinamen, has passed away, for it has come to be clearly seen that the Chinese do not possess either the sentiment or the organization which inspires and makes possible great aggressive movements. But the Chinese, like many other Orientals, are indifferent to death. They are accustomed to privations, they are active and energetic, and there are four hundred millions of them, occupying a territory of continental magnitude. In spite, therefore, of their low power of organization, by the aid of the enormous secret societies, of which the Boxers form one, they might make a conquest of the country by any arms which could be landed by foreign powers impossible. It is not likely that in any event the Powers would ever come to an agreement to inaugurate such a campaign; they would wait, as they have waited before, until the present outbreak has spent its force, and then quietly resume their old methods of extending their influence and their trade.

The course of the United States Government is very simple, entirely consistent, and has been followed so far with scrupulous care. The United States has no interest in China, except to protect the lives and property of its citizens; in order to do this it ought to be ready to make any sacrifices. The Administration has acted with courage and promptitude, and its action will receive the hearty indorsement of the whole country. The United States has exacted nothing from China, and wishes to exact nothing except those rights which are conceded to her citizens and their property under the treaties: those rights she will preserve at any cost. She has also strongly urged and has succeeded in securing recognition for the policy of equal trade privileges to all nations in China, and in securing this important concession the American Secretary of State was serving the Chinese quite as truly as he was serving the interests of America. Beyond this our Government has a right, and perhaps a duty, to lend its influence to preserve the integrity of the Empire. If it takes this attitude, and there is reason to believe that the Administration accepts this view of its responsibilities, it will be in a position to act as a mediator, and to aid both the Chinese and the Powers in securing a satisfactory basis of settlement. Having nothing to gain in the way of territory, the United States will naturally possess an influence with the Chinese which no other power can exert. If it uses that influence to preserve the integrity of the Empire on the one hand, and to open it to legitimate foreign influence, ideas, and trade, it will be doing its full duty to China, to the civilized world, and to itself.

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The Positive Life

There are two general lines of action in dealing with life, the negative and the positive. A great many people approach the experiences of life and its opportunities from the negative side and are fairly successful; though the great majority of them fail to achieve any distinct character or make any lasting mark. To approach life from the negative side is to wait on opportunity, to take what the day brings, to adjust ourselves with constant self-repression to the opinions and wishes of others, to fall in with the movement of events, and to get the impetus which comes from the current. Many attain a certain kind of external success along this line. They have many well-wishers, if few warm friends; they are often popular, even if they are not greatly respected; they are sought after even when they are not honored, and the external appearance of success conceals to a certain extent the fact of failure. To this class belong all the merely politic opportunists; those who are made by conditions and advanced by circumstances; who are lifted on general movements and carried into port by fair winds. To this class belonged Lord Godolphin, of whom Charles II. once said, with characteristic wit, that he was "never in the way and never out of it."

This kind of living involves constant

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watchfulness of others and intense studiousness of conditions. The man who has neither steam nor sails must watch the currents very closely and keep his eye constantly on the tides. The wear and tear of constant adjustment to the wishes of the community and to fortunate conditions are never relaxed in the case of the opportunist. He can never afford to make mistakes of judgment: his success depends upon doing the politic thing at the right moment, saying the persuasive word at the proper point, and putting himself in the way at the exact second when he may be noticed or needed. He who studies popular favor in public life must needs have a quick eye and a long memory; he must cultivate agility of motion, rapidity of thought and skill in transferring his principles from side to side without too obvious inconsistency. This life, which seems easier, is much the hardest, because it lacks entirely that repose which comes from resting on principle, and that constant nourishment of the inward spirit which comes when one is in harmony with the deeper laws of life.

Dealing with the positive side of life, on the other hand, involves certain indifference to the conditions of the moment; the indifference, not of contempt, but of pre-occupation with higher things; a certain lack of care for the opinions of others, not from selfishness or coldness, but because one's opinions are formed on a different basis. The man who actively and positively fashions his own career and develops his own character has an inward purpose, an unseen aim, to which he constantly directs his attention. He may be a long time in forming this purpose or in perfectly discerning this aim, but when these ultimate ends are once clear to him he is forever rid of all uncertainty. Winds and storms are in a certain sense matters of as little consequence to him as to the great ocean steamers which sail to their havens with sublime disregard of all external circumstances; they are set to a course, and nothing drives them out of that course. In like manner he who shapes his course to a distant and clearly defined point is not swept out of it by passing winds of popular favor or disfavor, or by changing currents of popular opinion. Having an inward purpose, his relations with men form themselves on a natural and spiritual basis. He does not need to weigh men according to their value for his own uses; he is not looking to them for the development of his own career. What he wants from them are the things which he is willing to give them—affection, sympathy, interest, and co-operation. He is not bent upon using them simply as aids; they do not work into his plan of life. He is lifted above all those sordid and selfish relationships in which a man entangles himself when he attempts to use friends to forward his own ends.

Nor need the man of inward purpose concern himself with consistency of life. There is nothing more beautiful than the reaction of a high ideal upon the actions of the man or woman who cherishes it; for an ideal steadily pursued sooner or later shapes a constant and harmonious character, and we come at last to know what the ideals of men are by the character which those ideals have formed. Nothing is so fundamental in creating a real and noble personality as the choice of a high ideal; let a man choose such an ideal and follow it loyally and he may give up all concern for his character; it will form itself. Such a man is emancipated, not only from the temptation to be selfish in his friendship, but from most of the fears that beset men of less clearness of purpose. Such a man is much less affected by the happenings of outward fortune, by material disaster of every kind, than a man who has not this inward guidance and constant pressure of the ideal upon his own nature. He is emancipated from fear of men because men can neither make nor mar his career; he is emancipated from fear of disaster because conditions can neither make nor mar his career; his only source of fear is disloyalty to his own purpose, and that is a fear which guards and protects rather than depresses. Such a man discards, one by one, all those things which belittle human life and fill it with weakening and corroding anxieties. He is not disturbed by the confusion of aims which he finds in the world about him; he is not concerned about his enemies, for he has none whom he has consciously made; he thinks generously and fearlessly of his friends, and he is lifted above all the outward changes of fortune by the spirituality of the end which he has chosen.

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The Spectator

The Spectator suffered a severe shock yesterday, which has in a degree uprooted some of his most cherished illusions and set him a-pondering whether there is, after all, any law which it is never right to break. If you had asked the Spectator yesterday if it could ever be moral to deliberately sweep crumbs under a hearth-rug, he would have promptly and emphatically answered "No!" To-day he could make no such reply. His conversion was in this wise. Within this last twenty-four hours the Spectator was calling at the house of a friend whose morality he has always considered above question, and whose reputation for superlative housekeeping rests like a halo above her brow; and yet it was in her drawing-room that the Spectator received his lesson anent crumbs and hearth-rugs. Afternoon tea was being served to the Spectator, and a young daughter of the house, in passing a plate of brittle little cakes, dropped all those cakes to the floor, where they broke, scattering a shower of crumbs. The daughter at once moved to the bell, and had laid her hand upon it, evidently intending to ring for the maid. "No, no, my dear," said her mother; "don't ring for Susan. Just take the hearth-brush there and sweep the crumbs under the hearth-rug." "Mamma!" exclaimed this well-brought-up daughter. But her mother sat placidly confident and unabashed, merely remarking: "Susan ought really to be in bed this afternoon. She's keeping up simply because it's my reception day. The crumbs can wait perfectly well until to-morrow. 'Be tidy. Be not too tidy.'"

❀

The Spectator sat amazed in his chair, and, it must be confessed, he was at that moment disloyally wondering if there were many other such skeletons concealed under other hearth-rugs in this house. A little later he plucked up sufficient courage to make to his hostess a laughing confession of the shock he had suffered at her hands. "I am sure you are right," he said, "but won't you explain to me why you are right?" To the Spectator's amazement, this notable house-mother with some warmth recorded her disapproval of those who could never bring themselves to thus sweep crumbs under rugs. "I have seen housekeepers," she averred, "who not only lived and died to be clean, but who *killed* for it. There have been times," went on this blended Mary and Martha, "when I have seen my floors very dirty indeed, and known it was my plain duty to continue to see them dirty—and keep calm. I have had to make it a matter of *prayer* to be able to sweep crumbs under rugs and to believe that cleanliness isn't the first thing in the world at all times, in season and out. But you can't be expected to understand such things."

❀

The Spectator, though but a man, flattered himself that he did understand his friend's position and approved it, yet at the same time he had an awestruck kind of feeling, as if the ashes of his grandmother were being strewed to the winds of heaven. He could remember that venerable lady earnestly requesting him as a lad to walk about her drawing-room "on the dark spots in the carpet;" and to this day he can recall the peculiar gait with which he crossed those floors in his dutiful visits to the grandmaternal mansion, for the "dark spots" were at irregular distances from each other. As for the Spectator's sister, she used always to wear a train gown when she visited the grandmother, and as she stepped across the polished floors of the halls she would contrive to stoop stealthily and wipe out with the end of her train whatever traces of dust her youthful feet had left upon the shining surface. The grandmother's feet, for some mysterious reason, never left any traces of dust anywhere. But the Spectator cannot remember that either he or his sister ever saw anything humorous in their efforts—at the time.

❀

The Spectator begins to feel that this is a dangerous topic for him to dwell on. In the first place, by virtue of his sex, he is supposed to be ignorant of what the laws of household cleanliness should be. But when it comes to a question of personal cleanliness, the Spectator knows he has a right to speak with the best, and hereby feels obliged to state that he has seen even that pleasing virtue carried too far. It is a long step from the

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man of more clothing than he can count to the poor man with but two changes of raiment, yet the latter, when he wears one set and himself carefully launders the other set, is more true to a high ideal of cleanliness than is his more fortunate brother whose laundress is a remote personage.

❀

"I have never envied the very rich their horses and carriages, or their gowns and balls," sighed a slender-pursed young lady to the Spectator, "but from the bottom of my heart I have always passionately envied the rich their exquisite cleanliness. Think of fresh ruching in your neck and sleeves every day if you want it!" There is undoubtedly a luxury of cleanliness that every one cannot afford. Some people have not the right to be as exquisitely clean as some other people. That perfectly sleek, well-groomed look which we all know, by sight at least, comes only with never running for a street-car, never hurrying on foot from one function to another, and never wearing the clothing that belongs properly at one time of the day or year at another time. It isn't every one who can afford to ride always in a carriage or own an appropriate suit for each occasion and season, and these less fortunate brethren must sometimes wear a hot and dusty-looking spring suit in midsummer, and no use of a clothes-brush will make that suit look as dainty as a summer suit proper.

❀

In this same connection the Spectator was of late interested in a conversation between two young men on this question of neatness, or cleanliness, or call it what you will. One of these lads was asserting that the difference between a gentleman and a man who was not a gentleman lay in the question of ability to control the laundry-bag. "No gentleman," so argued this sage, "had any control of the matter. Each separate day must, by a *full suit*, swell that bag." It was with the utmost difficulty that the Spectator refrained from intruding with his officious tongue to ask if it made no difference who paid the laundry bill. As the Spectator chanced to know, this particular boy's mother slaved with her own hands for strangers and for pay to send her son to college, and he, forsooth, must wear fresh raiment daily! If this was not a case of dissipation in cleanliness, then the Spectator has a false idea of what dissipation actually is. Of course the Spectator knows all about the ideal relativity of godliness and cleanliness, and he is quite prepared to defend the sacredness of both against any odds; but neatness, and the fresh cleanliness that comes with the healthy care of the body, is something quite different from a certain exquisite cleanliness that comes largely from a luxury of clothing, that, like all other luxuries, is delightful to possess if one has the money to pay for it. In taking this stand the Spectator hopes he will not be considered as falling in line with that brutality of indifference to personal neatness which is at times affected by the virile and is by them regarded as a proof of virility.

❀

The Spectator remembers a friend confessing to him that when in the summers he got off into the Alps, as was his yearly custom, he would find, as the season waned, that the piece of bread and cheese which he most enjoyed was that chunk which had in it the mark of his own great earth-stained thumb! When this state of mind came, the Spectator's friend asserted that he knew the hour had struck when he must at once return to the less virile and more civilized world. This gentleman, as the Spectator knew him, was a terror to hostesses because of his well-known fastidiousness and delicacy of palate.

❀

Perhaps as a natural type we all are untidy creatures, we human beings. The above history would seem to point to a return to type from the veneer of civilization. Be that as it may, the Spectator is still not afraid to say that he himself has been converted to the morality of sweeping crumbs under hearth-rugs—as an exception, not a rule.

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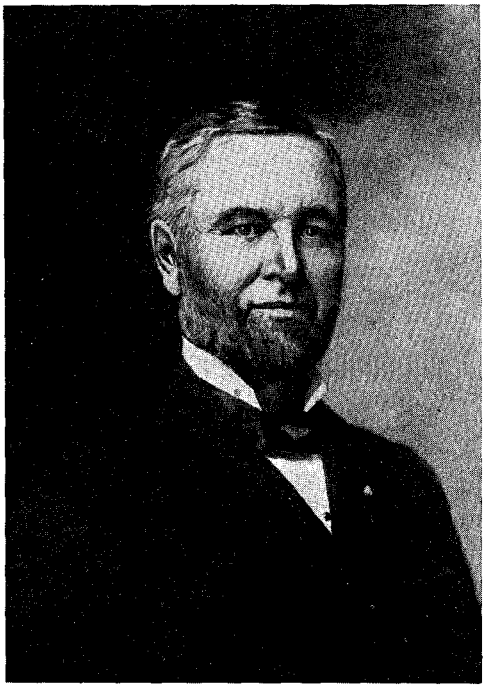
CHINA

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES RELATING TO THE PRESENT CRISIS



EDWIN H. CONGER

United States Minister to China

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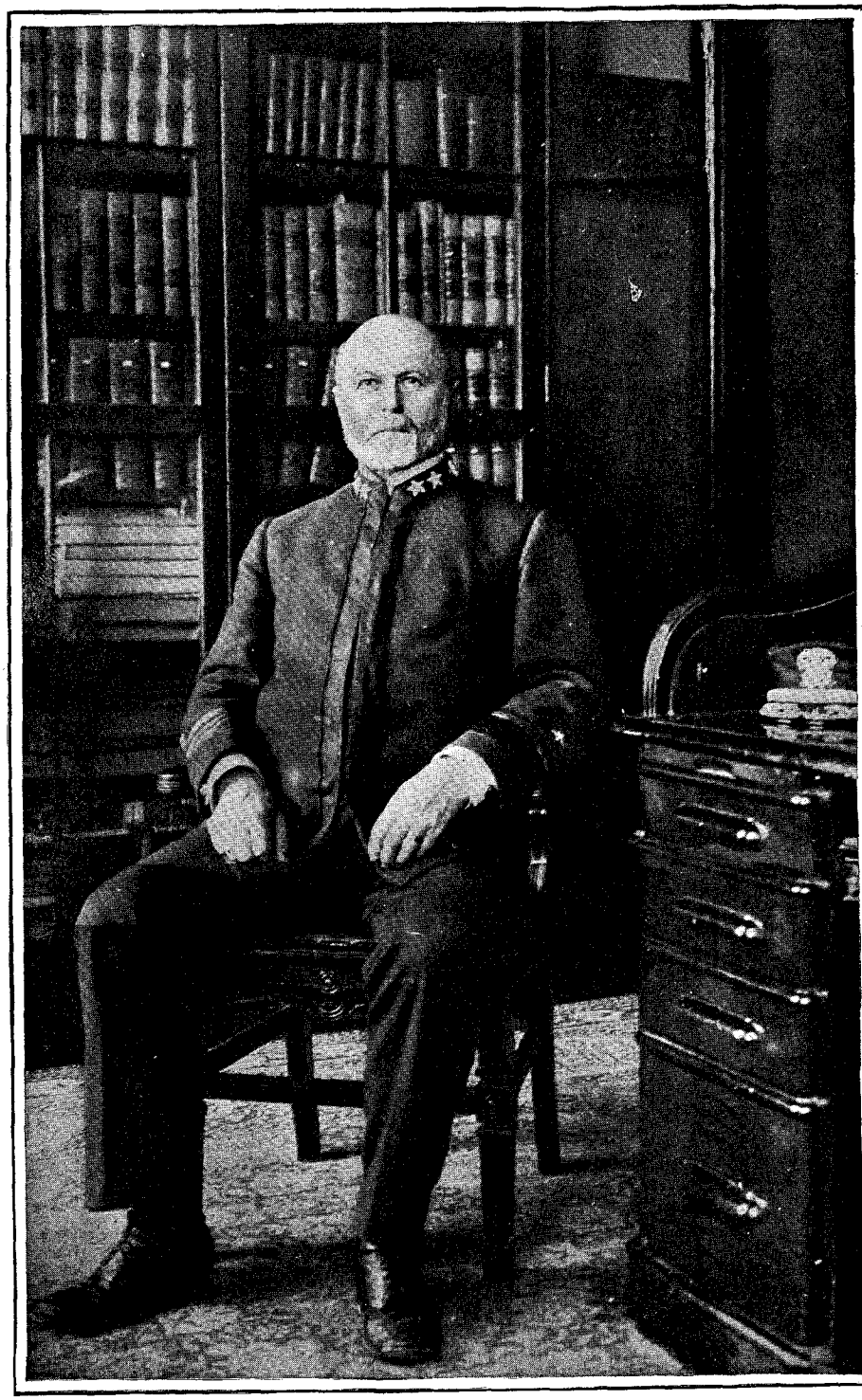

ADMIRAL LOUIS KEMPFF

From a photograph taken at Mare Island Navy Yard before he sailed for Asiatic waters.

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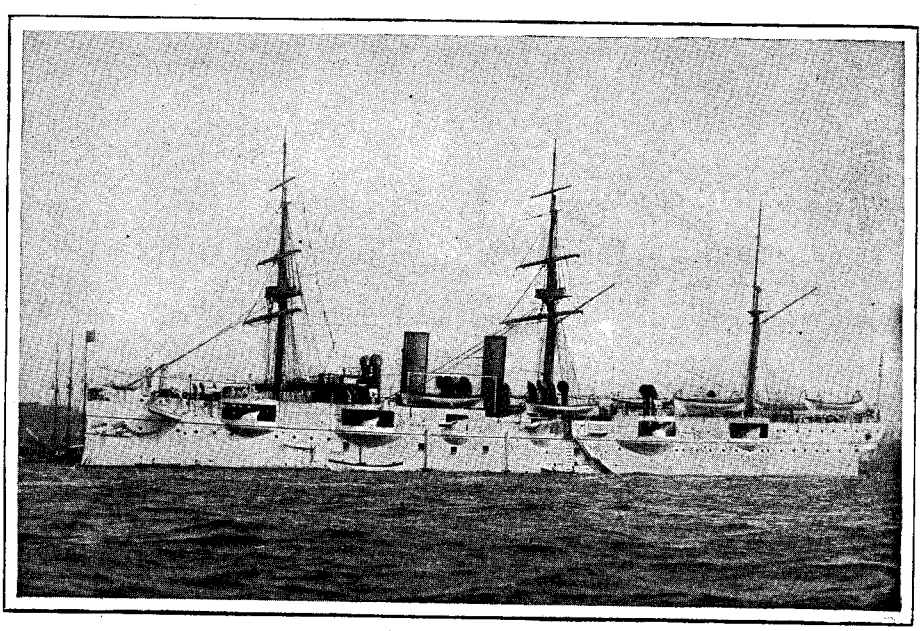
CAPTAIN B. H. McCALLA



THE NEWARK

Admiral Kempff's Flagship

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EMPEROR KWANG SU

KANG YU WEI
Leader of the Chinese reform party.

LEUNG CHAI CHU
A reform leader, recently exiled, who is coming to this country.

From hitherto unpublished photographs loaned by an educated Chinaman.

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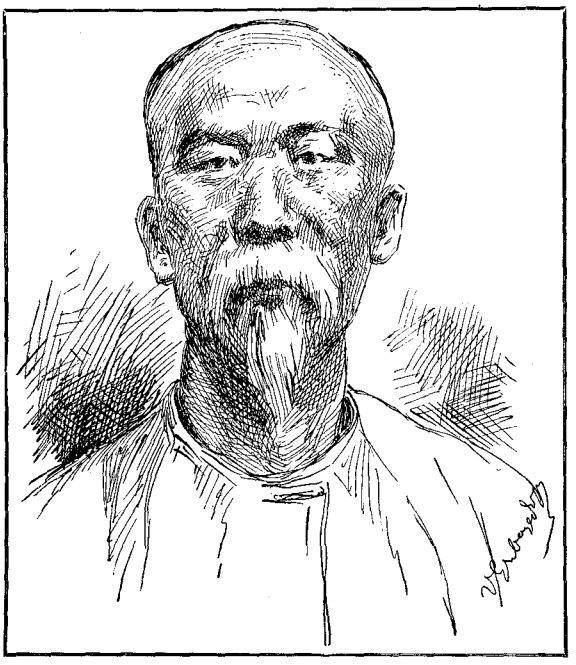

LI HUNG CHANG

Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

THE TSUNG-LI YAMEN (CHINESE FOREIGN OFFICE)

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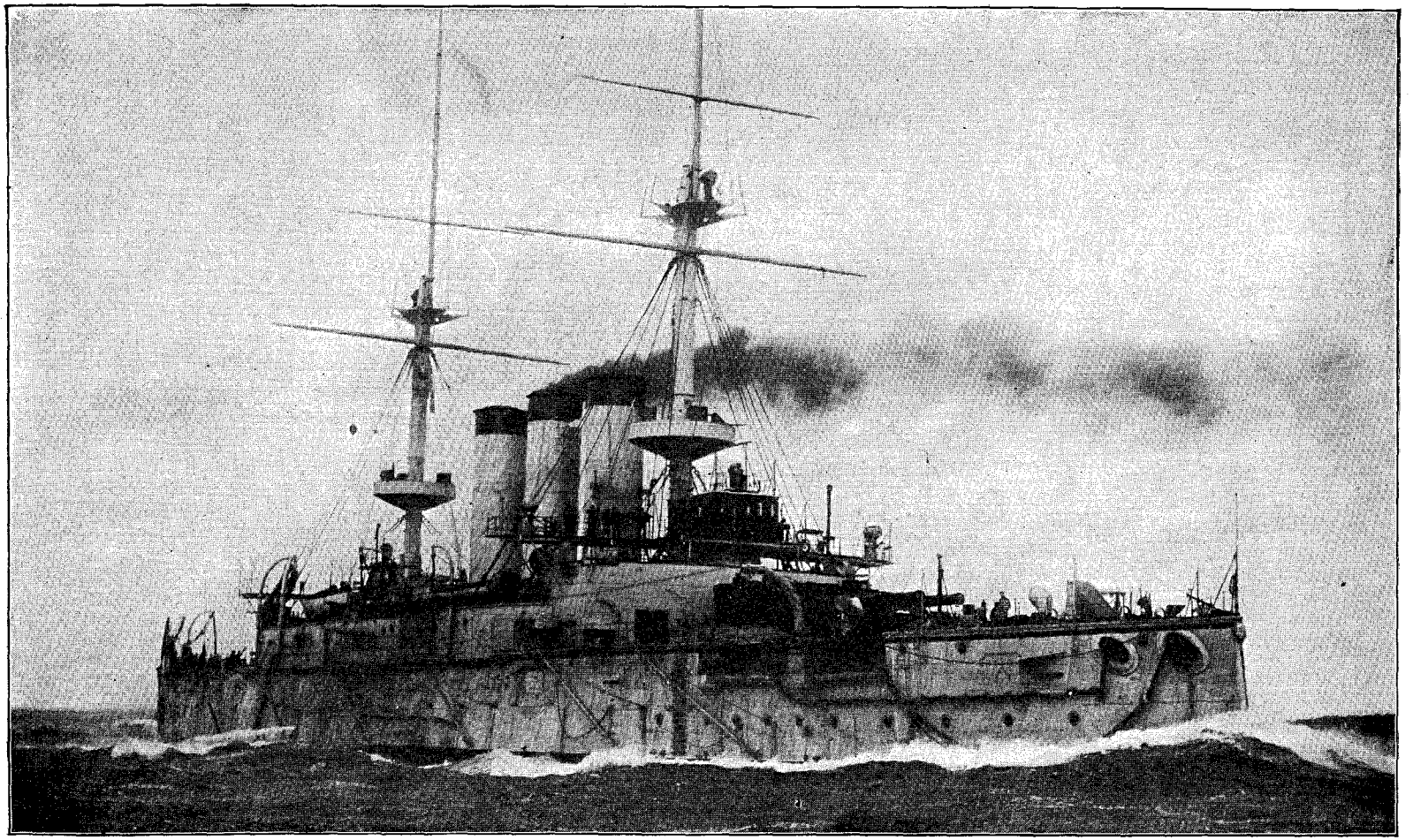

THE SHIKISHIMA

One of Japan's newest and largest Battle-ships.

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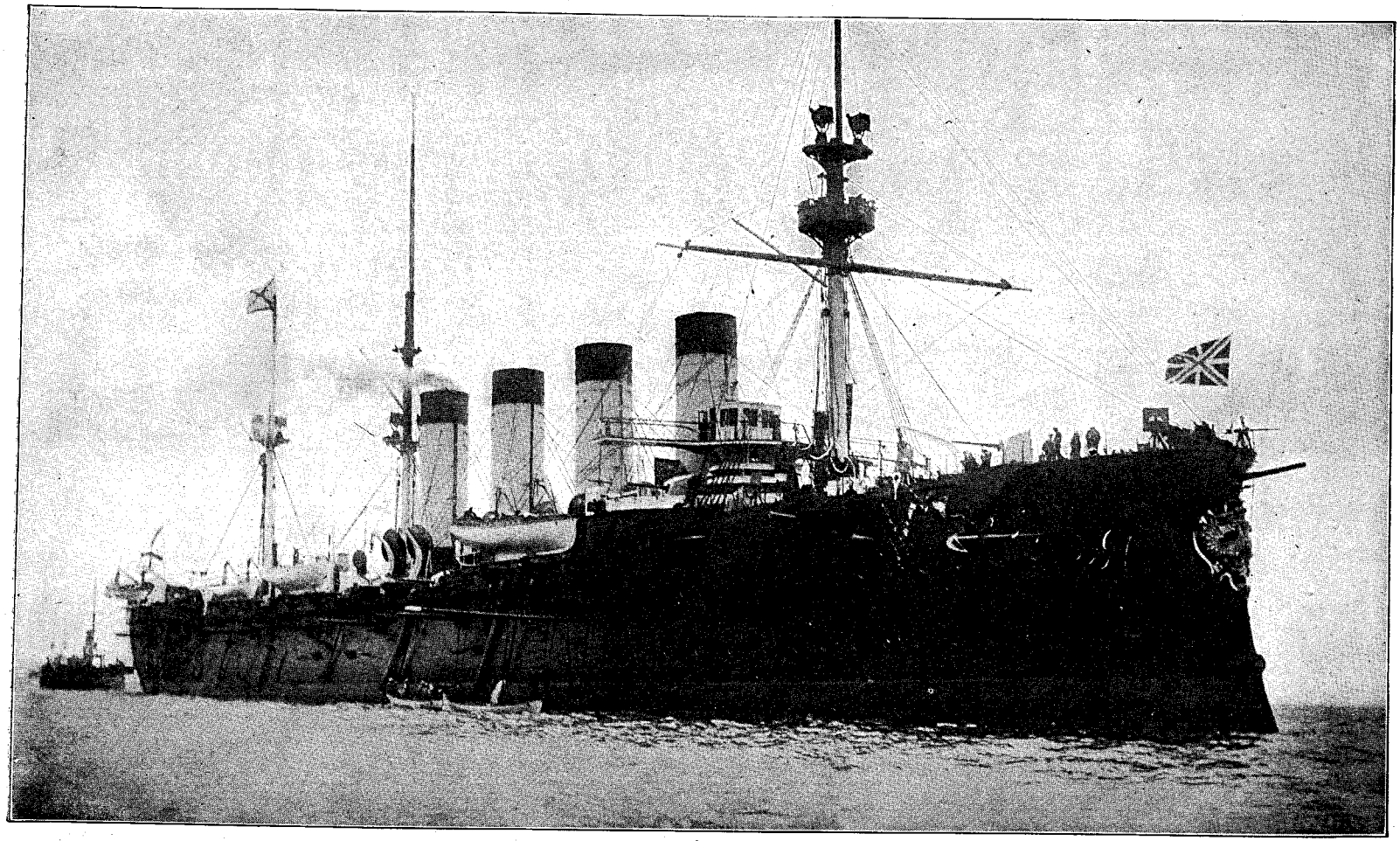

THE ROSSIA, RUSSIA'S NEW BATTLE-SHIP

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JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY

Author of "The Story of Gladstone's Life," "A History of Our Own Times," etc., etc.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN was once described by an unfriendly critic as the Rabagas of English political life. We all remember Rabagas, the hero of Sardou's masterpiece of dramatic satire, who begins his public career and wins fame among certain classes as a leveler and a demagogue of the most advanced views, an unsparing enemy of the aristocracy, a man who will make no terms with the privileged orders and will bow to no sovereign but the sovereign people. Now, I have said that it was an unfriendly critic who likened Mr. Chamberlain to Sardou's creation, but it was not in the earlier career of the real or the imaginary politician that the resemblance was especially to be traced. Rabagas is brought by tempting conditions under the influence of the privileged classes, the aristocracy, and the reigning sovereign of the small state in which he lived; and his leveling and revolutionary tendencies melt away under the genial influence of his new associations. He becomes, before long, the admirer of the aristocracy and the Prime Minister of the Prince, and is ready to devote all his energies to the defense of the privileged orders and to the repression of the vile democracy and the silencing of Radical orators.

In this contrast between the earlier and the later parts of the political career the malevolent critic, no doubt, found the

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materials for the comparison between Rabagas and Mr. Chamberlain. For there can be no denying that Mr. Chamberlain began his public life as an eloquent, an unsparing, and apparently a convinced champion of democracy against the aristocracy, the privileged orders, and the Conservative party, and that he is now a leading member of a Conservative government, and goes further than most of his colleagues would be likely to go in his hostility to Radical measures and to Radical men.

Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain, who during the earlier part of his public life belonged to the party most strenuously opposed to all unnecessary wars, and especially wars which had annexation for their object, has been the chief Ministerial promoter of the war now going on in South Africa, a war which has for its object the subjugation of two independent Republics in order to bring them under the Imperial flag of England. No one, therefore, could have been much surprised when the unfriendly critic fancied that he could discover at least a certain superficial resemblance between the career of Rabagas and the career of Mr. Chamberlain.

I have been a somewhat close observer of much of Mr. Chamberlain's public life, and for some time we were thrown a good deal into Parliamentary and political association. He came into the House of Commons not very long before I had the honor of obtaining a seat there, and his fame had preceded him so far that his entrance into Parliament was looked upon by everybody as a coming event, in the days when he had not yet been elected to represent the constituency of Birmingham. Birmingham was at that time one of the most thoroughly Radical cities in England. John Bright once said that as the sea, wherever you dip a cup into it, will be found to be salt, so the constituency of Birmingham, wherever you test it, will be found to be Radical. Birmingham could claim the merit of being one of the best-organized municipalities in England. Its popular educational institutions were excellent; its free libraries might have won the admiration of a citizen of Boston, Massachusetts; its police arrangements were efficient; its sanitation might well have been the envy of London, and the general intelligence of its citizens was of the highest order. Now, it was in this enlightened, progressive, and capable community that Mr. Chamberlain won his first fame. He is not a Birmingham man by birth. He was, I believe, born and brought up on the south side of London, and was educated at University College School, London. But at an early age he settled in Birmingham, and became a member of his father's manufacturing firm there. Very soon he rose to great distinction as a public speaker and as a member of the local corporation, and three times was elected chief magistrate of Birmingham. We began soon to hear a great deal of him in London. It must have been clear to anybody who knew anything of Birmingham that a man could not have risen to such distinction in that city without great intelligence and a marked capacity for public life. All this time he was known as a Radical of the Radicals. The Liberal party in London began to look upon him as a coming man, and as a coming man who was certain to take his place, and that probably a leading place, in the advanced Radical division of the Liberals. His political speeches showed him to be a democrat of the leveling order—a democrat, that is to say, of views much more extreme than had ever been professed by John Bright or Richard Cobden. He was an unsparing assailant of the aristocracy and the privileged classes, and, indeed, went so far in his Radicalism that the Conservatives in general regarded him as a downright Republican.

I can well remember the sensation which his first speech in the House of Commons created among the ranks of the Tories after his election to Parliament as one of the representatives of Birmingham. The good Tories made no effort to conceal their astonishment at the difference between the real Chamberlain as they saw and heard him and the Chamberlain of their earlier imaginings. I talked with many of them at the time, and was made acquainted with their emotions. Judging from his political speeches, they had set him down as a wild Republican, and they expected to see a rough and shaggy man, dressed with an uncouth disregard for the ways of society, a sort of Birmingham Orson who would probably scowl fiercely at his opponents in the House and would deliver his opinions in tones of thunder.

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The man who rose to address the House was a pale, slender, delicate-looking, and closely-shaven personage, very neatly dressed, with short and carefully brushed hair, and wearing a dainty eyeglass constantly fixed in his eye. "He looks like a ladies' doctor," one stout Tory murmured. "Seems like the model of a head clerk at a West End drapery," observed another. Certainly there was nothing of the Orson about this well-dressed, well-groomed representative of the Birmingham democracy. Mr. Chamberlain's speech made a distinct impression on the House. It was admirably delivered, in quietly modulated tones, the clear, penetrating voice never rising to the level of declamation, but never failing to reach the ear of every listener. The political opinions which it expressed were such as every one might have expected to come from so resolute a democrat, but the quiet, self-possessed delivery greatly astonished those who had expected to see and hear a mob orator. Mr. Chamberlain's position in the House was assured after that first speech. Even among the Tories everybody felt satisfied that the new man was a man of great ability, gifted with a remarkable capacity for maintaining his views with ingenious and plausible argument, a man who could hold his own in debate with the best, and for whom the clamors of a host of political opponents could have no terrors.

I may say at once that Mr. Chamberlain has, ever since that time, proved himself to be one of the ablest debaters in the House of Commons. He is not and never could be an orator in the higher sense, for he wants altogether that gift of imagination which is necessary to the composition of an orator, and he has not the culture and the command of ready illustration which sometimes lift men who are not born orators above the mere debater's highest level. But he has unfailing readiness, a wide knowledge of public affairs, a keen eye for all the weak points of an opponent's case, and a flow of clear and easy language which never fails to give expression, at once full and precise, to all that is in his mind. He was soon recognized, even by his extreme political opponents, as one of the ablest men in the House of Commons, and it seemed plain to every one that, when the chance came for the formation of a Liberal Ministry, the country then being in the hands of a Tory Government, Mr. Chamberlain would be sure to find a place on the Treasury Bench.

Meanwhile Mr. Chamberlain's democratic views seemed to have undergone no modification. He was as unsparing as ever in his denunciation of the aristocracy and the privileged classes, and he was especially severe upon the great landowners, and used to propound schemes for buying them out by the State and converting their land into national property. His closest ally and associate in Parliamentary politics was Sir Charles Dilke, who had entered the House of Commons some years before Mr. Chamberlain's appearance there, and who was then, as he is now, an advanced and determined Radical. Sir Charles Dilke, in fact, was at that time supposed to be something very like a Republican, at least in theory, and he had been exciting great commotion in several parts of the country by his outspoken complaints about the vast sums of money voted every year for the Royal Civil List. It was but natural that Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain should become close associates, and there was a general conviction that the more advanced section of the Liberal party was destined to take the command in Liberal politics.

Outside the range of strictly English politics there was a question arising which threatened to make a new division in the Liberal party. This was the question of Home Rule for Ireland as it presented itself under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell. For years the subject of Home Rule had been the occasion, under the leadership of Mr. Butt, of nothing more formidable to the House of Commons than an annual debate and division. Once in every Session Mr. Butt brought forward a motion calling for a measure of Home Rule for Ireland, and, after some eloquent speeches made in favor of the motion by Irish members, a few speeches were delivered on the other side by the opponents of Home Rule, Liberals as well as Tories, and then some leading member of the Government went through the form of explaining why the motion could not be accepted. A division was taken, and Mr. Butt's motion was found to have the

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support of the very small Irish Nationalist party, as it then was, and perhaps half a dozen English or Scotch Radicals; and the whole House of Commons, except for these, declared against Home Rule. About the time, however, of Mr. Chamberlain's entrance on the field of politics a great change had taken place in the conditions of the Home Rule question. Charles Stewart Parnell had become in fact, although not yet in name, the leader of the Irish National party, and Parnell's tactics were very different indeed from those of his nominal leader, Mr. Butt. Butt was a man who had great reverence for old constitutional forms and for the traditions and the ways of the House of Commons, and he had faith in the power of mere argument to bring the House some time or other to see the justice of his cause. Parnell was convinced that there was only one way of compelling the House of Commons to pay any serious attention to the Irish demand, and that was by making it clear to the Government and the House that, if they would not turn their full attention to the Irish national claims, they should not be allowed to turn their attention to any other business whatever. Therefore he introduced that policy of obstruction which has since become historical, and which for a time literally convulsed the House of Commons. Now, I am not going again into the oft-told tale of Home Rule and the obstruction policy, and I touch upon the subject here only because of its direct connection with the career of Mr. Chamberlain. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain supported Mr. Parnell in most of his assaults upon the Tory Government. It was Parnell's policy to bring forward some motion, during the discussion of the estimates for the army and navy or for the civil service, which should raise some great and important question of controversy connected only in a technical sense with the subject formally before the House, and thus to raise a prolonged debate which had the effect of postponing to an indefinite time the regular movement of business. Thus he succeeded in stopping all the regular work of the House until the particular motion in which he was concerned had been fully discussed and finally settled, one way or the other. It was by action of this kind that he succeeded in prevailing upon the House of Commons to condemn the barbarous system of flogging in the army and the navy, and finally to obtain its abolition. In this latter course he was warmly supported by Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, and by many other Liberal members.

But it was not only in obstructive motions which concerned the common interests of the country that Parnell obtained the support of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain. These two men boldly and vigorously maintained him in his policy of obstruction when it only professed to concern itself with Irish national questions. They identified themselves so thoroughly with his Irish policy that it became a familiar joke in the House of Commons to describe Dilke and Chamberlain as the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General of the Home Rule party. I was then a member of the House, and had been elected Vice-President of the Irish party, Parnell being, of course, the President. Naturally, I was brought closely into association with Mr. Chamberlain, and I had for many years been a personal friend of Sir Charles Dilke. Again and again I heard Mr. Chamberlain express his entire approval of the obstructive policy adopted by Parnell, and declare that that was the only way by which Parnell could compel the House of Commons to give a hearing to the Irish claims. Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, expressed, on more than one occasion, in speeches delivered during a debate in the House, just the same opinion as to Parnell's course which I had heard him utter in private conversation. In one of these speeches I remember well his generous declaration that he was sorry he had not had an opportunity of expressing that opinion to the House of Commons long before. Now, of course, I always thought, and still think, that all this was much to the credit of Mr. Chamberlain's political intelligence, courage, and manly feeling, and I regarded him as one of the truest English friends the Home Rule cause had ever made. I had the opportunity, on more than one occasion, of hearing Dilke and Chamberlain define their respective positions on the subject of Home Rule. Dilke regarded Home Rule as an essential part of a federal system, which he believed to be absolutely necessary to the safety, strength, and prosperity of the

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British Empire. He would have made it a federal system, by virtue of which each member of the Imperial organization governed its own domestic affairs in its own way, while the common wishes and interests of the Empire were represented, discussed, and arranged in a central Imperial Parliament. Therefore, even if the Irish people had not been themselves awakened to the necessity for a Home Rule Legislature in Ireland, Dilke would have been in favor of urging on them the advantages of such an arrangement. This, in point of fact, is the system which has made the Canadian and the Australasian provinces what they are at this day, contented, loyal, and prosperous members of the Imperial system. Chamberlain was not so convinced an advocate of the general system of Home Rule as Dilke, but he was always emphatic in his declarations that, if the large majority of the Irish people desired Home Rule, their desire should be granted to them by the Imperial Parliament.

When I first entered the House of Commons, the Conservative party was in office. About a year after, the general election of 1880 came on, almost in the ordinary course of events, and the result of the appeal to the country was that the Liberals came back to power with a large majority. Mr. Gladstone was at the head of the Liberal party, and he became Prime Minister. Everybody assumed that two such prominent Radicals as Dilke and Chamberlain could not be overlooked by the new Prime Minister in his arrangements to form an administration. I think I am entitled to say, as a positive fact, that Dilke and Chamberlain entered into an understanding between themselves that unless one at least of them was offered a place in the Cabinet, neither would accept office of any kind. Of course when a new Government is in process of formation all these arrangements are matters of private discussion and negotiation with the men at the head of affairs; and the result of interchange of ideas in this instance was that Chamberlain became President of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet, and Dilke accepted the office of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, without a place in the inner Ministerial circle. This was done, not only with Dilke's cordial consent, but at his express wish, for it was his strong desire that the higher place in the administration should be given to his friend.

Now, at this time Mr. Gladstone was not a convinced Home Ruler. I know that the importance of the question was entering his mind and was absorbing much of his attention. I know that he was earnestly considering the subject, and that his mind was open to conviction; but I know also that he was not yet convinced. Chamberlain, therefore, would apparently have had nothing to gain if he merely desired to conciliate the favor of his leader by still putting himself forward as the friend and the ally of the Home Rule party. But he continued, when in office, to be just as openly our friend as he had been in the days when he was only an ordinary member of the House of Commons. There were times when, owing to the policy of coercion pursued in Ireland by the then Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, the relations between the Liberal Government and the Home Rule party were severely strained. We did battle many a time as fiercely against Mr. Gladstone's Government as ever we had done against the Government of his Tory predecessor. Yet Mr. Chamberlain always remained our friend and our adviser, always stood by us whenever he could fairly be expected to do so in public, and always received our confidences in private. When Mr. Parnell and other members of our party were thrown into Dublin prison, Mr. Chamberlain did his best to obtain justice and fair treatment for them and for the Home Rule cause and for the Irish people.

Many American readers will probably have a recollection of what was called the Kilmainham Treaty—the "Treaty" being an arrangement which it was thought might be honorably agreed upon between Mr. Gladstone and the leaders of the Irish party, and by virtue of which an improved system of land-tenure legislation was to be given to Ireland, on the one hand, and every effort was to be made to restore peace to Ireland on the other. I do not intend to go into this old story at any length, my only object being to record the fact that the whole arrangements were conducted between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Parnell, and that Chamberlain was still understood to be the friend of Ireland and of Home

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Rule. These negotiations led to the resignation of office by the late Mr. William Edward Forster, Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and then came the important question, Who was likely to be put in Mr. Forster's place? I believe that, as a matter of fact, the place was offered, in the first instance, to Sir Charles Dilke, but was declined by him on the ground that he was not also offered a seat in the Cabinet, and Dilke was convinced that unless he had a seat in the Cabinet he could have no chance of pressing successfully on the Government his policy of Home Rule for Ireland.

Mr. Chamberlain then had reason to believe that the office would be tendered to him, and he was willing to accept it and to do the best he could. I know that he believed that the place was likely to be offered to him and that he was ready to undertake its duties, for he took the very frank and straightforward course of holding a conference with certain Irish Nationalist members to whom he made known his views on the subject. The Irish members whom he consulted understood clearly from him that if he went to Ireland in the capacity of Chief Secretary he would go as a Home Ruler and would expect their co-operation and their assistance. There was no secret about this conference. It was held within the precincts of the House of Commons, and Mr. Chamberlain's action in suggesting and conducting it was entirely becoming and proper under the conditions. For some reason or other, which I at least have never heard satisfactorily explained, the office of Chief Secretary was given, after all, to the late Lord Frederick Cavendish. Then followed the terrible tragedy of the Phœnix Park, Dublin, when Lord Frederick and Mr. Thomas Burke, his official subordinate, were murdered in the open day by a gang of assassins. When the news of this appalling deed reached London, Mr. Parnell and I went at once, and as a matter of course, to consult with Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain as to the steps which ought to be taken in order to vindicate the Irish people from any charge of sympathy with so wanton and so atrocious a crime. We saw both Dilke and Chamberlain and consulted with them, and I can well remember being greatly impressed by the firmness with which Mr. Chamberlain declared that nothing which had happened would prevent him from accepting the office of Chief Secretary in Ireland if the opportunity were offered to him. I go into all this detail with the object of making it clear to the reader that, up to this time, Mr. Chamberlain had the full confidence of the Irish Nationalist party and was understood by them to be in thorough sympathy with them as to Ireland's demand for Home Rule.

Mr. Chamberlain did not, however, become Irish Secretary, but retained his position as President of the Board of Trade, and many foreign troubles began in Egypt and other parts of the world which diverted the attention of Parliament and the public for a while from questions of purely domestic policy. Mr. Gladstone, however, succeeded in carrying through Parliament a sort of new reform bill which reconstructed the constituencies, expanded the electorate, and, in fact, set up in the three countries something approaching nearly to the old Chartist idea of equal electoral division and universal suffrage. The foreign troubles, however, were very serious, the Government lost its popularity, and at last was defeated on one of its financial proposals and resigned office. The Tories came into power for a short time. Mr. Chamberlain stumped the country in his old familiar capacity as a Radical politician of the extreme school, and he started a scheme of policy which was commonly described afterwards as the unauthorized programme, in which he advocated, among other bold reforms, a peasant proprietary throughout the country by the compulsory purchase of land, the effect of which would be to endow every deserving peasant with at least three acres and a cow. The Tories were not able to do anything in office, owing to the combined attacks made upon them by the Radicals and the Irish Home Rulers, and in 1886 another dissolution of Parliament took place and a general election came on. The effect of the latest reform measure introduced by Mr. Gladstone now told irresistibly in Mr. Gladstone's favor, and the newly arranged constituencies sent him back into office and into power. Mr. Chamberlain once again joined Mr. Gladstone's Government, and became President of the Local Government Board.

Then comes a sudden change in the

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story. The extension of the suffrage gave, for the first time, a large voting power into the hands of the majority of the Irish people, for in Ireland up to that date the right to vote had been enjoyed only by the landlord class and the well-to-do middle class; and the result of the new franchise was that Ireland sent into Parliament an overwhelming number of Home Rule representatives to follow the leadership of Parnell. Gladstone then became thoroughly satisfied that the vast majority of the Irish people were in favor of Home Rule, and he determined to introduce a measure which should give to Ireland a separate domestic Parliament. Thereupon Mr. Chamberlain suddenly announced that he could not support such a measure of Home Rule, and it presently came out that he could not support any measure of Home Rule. He resigned his place in Mr. Gladstone's Government, and he became from that time not only an opponent of Home Rule but a proclaimed Conservative and anti-Radical. When a Tory Government was formed, after the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule measure, Mr. Chamberlain became a member of the Tory Government, and he is one of the leading members of a Tory Government at this day.

Now, it is for this reason, I suppose, that the unfriendly critic, of whom I have already spoken more than once, thought himself justified in describing Mr. Chamberlain as the Rabagas of English political life. It is, indeed, hard for any of us to understand the meaning of Mr. Chamberlain's sudden change. At the opening of 1886 he was, what he had been during all his previous political life, a flaming democrat and Radical. In the early months of 1886 he was a flaming Tory and anti-Radical. During several years of frequent association with him in the House of Commons I had always known him as an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland, and all of a sudden he exhibited himself as an uncompromising opponent of Home Rule. Many English Liberal members objected to some of the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, but when these objections were removed in Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill they returned at once to their places under his leadership. But Mr. Chamberlain would have nothing to do with any manner of Home Rule measure, and when he visited the province of Ulster in the north of Ireland he delighted all the Ulster Orangemen by the fervor of his speeches against Home Rule. Moreover, it may fairly be asked why an English Radical and democrat of extreme views must needs become an advocate of Toryism all along the line simply because he has ceased to be in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. These are questions which I, at least, cannot pretend to answer.

Of course we have in history many instances of conversions as sudden and as complete, about the absolute sincerity of which even the worldly and cynical critic has never ventured a doubt. There was the conversion of Constantine the Great, and there was the sudden change brought about in the feelings and the life of Ignatius of Loyola. But then somehow Mr. Chamberlain does not seem to have impressed on his contemporaries, either before or after his great change, the idea that he was a man cast exactly in the mold of a Constantine or an Ignatius. Only of late years has he been dubbed with the familiar nickname of "Pushful Joe," but he was always set down as a man of personal ambition, determined to make his way well on in the world. We had all made up our minds, somehow, that he would be content to push his fortunes on that side of the political field to which, up to that time, he had proclaimed himself to belong, and it never occurred to us to think of him as the associate of Tory Dukes, as a leading member of a Tory Government, and as the champion of Tory principles. Men have in all ages changed their political faith without exciting the world's wonder. Mr. Gladstone began as a Tory, and grew by slow degrees into a Radical. Two or three public men in our own days who began as moderate Liberals have gradually turned into moderate Tories. But Mr. Chamberlain's conversion was not like any of these. It was accomplished with a suddenness that seemed to belong to the days when miracles were yet worked upon the earth. Mr. Chamberlain may well feel proud in the consciousness that the close attention of the political world will follow with eager curiosity his further career.

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PRINCE PETER OF MONTENEGRO

From a photograph taken by the ruling Prince

A Visit with the Prince of Montenegro

By E. A. Steiner

MY trip to Montenegro began when the good ship Graf Wurmbrand left its magnificent pier in Trieste to skirt the shores of the Adriatic and to sail in and out among the islands of Dalmatia as far as Cattaro.

My eyes were still burning with pain, the penalty for gazing at Venice intently on a summer's day; and the sun shining upon the white cliffs of the Istrian coast, reflected in the blue waters of the sea, promised no cessation from the suffering. Indeed, the eye had much to see; not so much in the works of man, as in Italy, but in man himself, for the native of Dalmatia, the southern Slav, is the most picturesque and perhaps the most perfect specimen of peasantry that can be seen anywhere in Europe. He is tall, angular, fierce-looking, decked in finery; and as in nearly every district he wears a distinct garb, one passes through this barren country scarcely missing the art of Italy. However, the country is not altogether barren of art, for Rome and Venice have left fine traces of their architecture in Zara, Sebenico, and in Spalato.

The student of Slavonic life finds here a most fertile field, for, in spite of Venetian and Austrian rule, and the proximity of these countries, the Slav here has scarcely been touched by their civilization, and in many of the mountain districts he has retained the garb and the customs of his forefathers. With him "custom is an iron shirt," "custom is more sacred than law." He still lives in tribal relations, "Brotherhoods" (Bratstvo); he is subject to his chief; bound to vindicate the honor of his tribe; and in the attempts to do this, many tribes, like Eugene Field's "Gingham Dog and Calico Cat," "ate each other up." Undoubtedly the purest Slavic strain is found among the Montenegrins, close kinsmen and neighbors of the Dalmatians, who, perched upon their mountain fastnesses, have resisted the influx of civilization as successfully as they have the rule of the Turk, and are, among the Slavs, the only tribe never ruled by a foreign power.

The approach to this country is sublimely picturesque; when the steamer turns between the fortified islands which guard the entrance to the Boche de Cattaro, you see far away, like frozen storm-clouds, high, sterile mountains, gray and desolate, and over them, like a giant serpent, the road which leads into Montenegro, every foot of it guarded by Austrian guns which peep from numerous forts perched upon almost inaccessible crags, and which every morning belch out their thundering warning, which can be heard in Cettinje, the little capital, and which is the Austrian way of saying, "Please keep off the grass."

We land in the city of Cattaro, which lies pressed closely to the huge mountains, and whose population now consists largely of Austrian soldiers and officers, who spend the evening hours of their weary garrison days on the promenade or at the coffee-house. The Dalmatian peasants

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A MONTENEGRIN BRIDE

of this particular region are still unsubdued; they are brothers of the Montenegrins across the line, and they love war as they love freedom. These chalky cliffs show stains of crimson, the blood of Austria's sons, for among these barren rocks one native may hold at bay a company of soldiers. Brave, strong, noble fellows these peasants are, and the soldiers beside them are only pygmies. Some day, when the dream of the Slav shall be fulfilled, and their divided families shall fight together, these Dalmatians of the Boche de Cattaro will be among the most valiant of that valiant host. Here, shut out from the world, the southern Slav dreams the same dream as his strong brother in the north. Russia inspires these scattered kindred of hers with hope, and it may be that, ere another century closes, this mountain-locked harbor will echo with the war-cry of the Slavs in their struggle for freedom and in their union with Russia. They are dreamers and poets as well as soldiers.

I spent one evening with hospitable citizens; upon a barquetta we went out into the sea. The moon shone above us, and showed the ghostly outlines of the circling mountains; the sea was aflame with phosphorescent splendor; each stroke of the oars stirred the fiery depth of the sea; and my friends sang of Slavic past and future hopes. The echoes of brave soldiers' voices mingled with those of my friends as they sang the Marseillaise of the Slavs —"Hey Slovane." Too soon we drew up to our pier, and one of the friends who spoke dictionary English, and knew that I was to leave for Montenegro in the morning, said to me very unctuously, "I wish you happy leavings."

It was difficult to procure a conveyance to carry us to Cettinje, inasmuch as the Prince of Bulgaria was coming on a visit the same day, and many Austrian Slavs were leaving for the little capital to be witnesses of the festivities. After much search a fairly good trap was secured, and at three o'clock in the morning we began climbing the dizzy heights, each turning of the road disclosing another magnificent view of the Boche or the Adriatic and its circling mountains. The first Montenegrin village we reached was Njegus, the birthplace of the Prince. Imagine, if you can, a street of one-room stables, one house exactly like another, without a church or school-house to relieve the monotony, and in front of each mud hut a giant peasant dressed like a prince, and in his belt a whole arsenal of weapons. It made the blood run rather cold for a moment to face these walking arsenals, but they looked upon us pygmies with such pride, if not contempt, that I felt assured that they would not waste their gunpowder on us. While we stopped at an inn to feed the horses, I ventured among the peasants, and, when I said in good Serbic, "Vobro yitro," these giants smiled at me, and one of them, evidently the chief

A SLAVIC CHIEF

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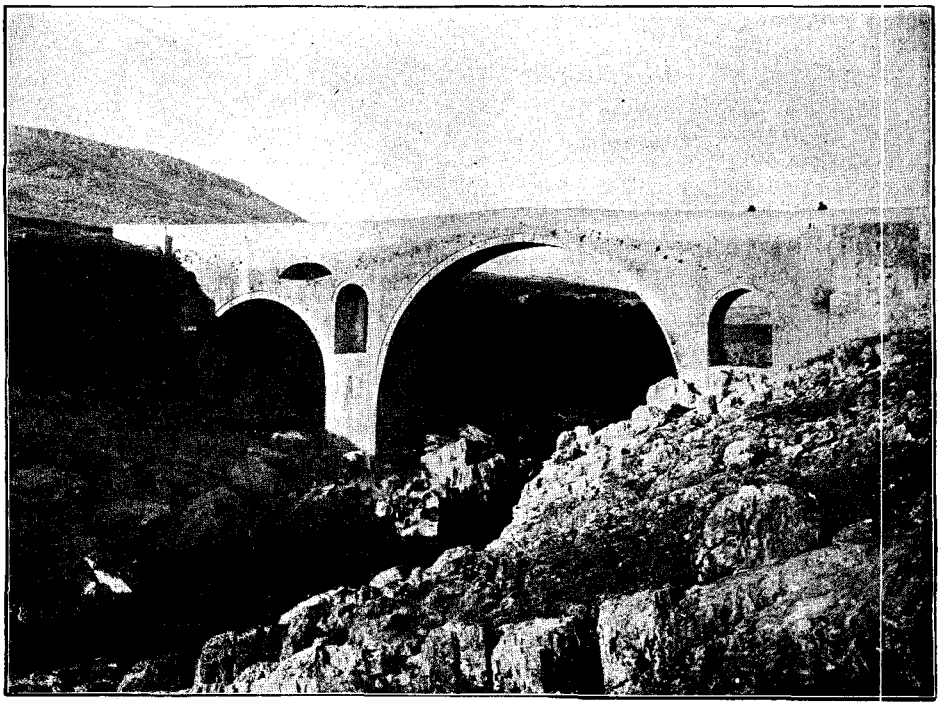
of the village, entered with me into a conversation, which, among other things, brought out the fact that this little village could furnish three hundred soldiers, nearly every one of them as tall as he, and he measured six feet four the long way, and a good many feet the other way. As I stood by him, the top of my head touched the knob of his tall silver pistol, and I could smell the gunpowder decidedly. In front of nearly every hut was a mutton carcass, and it seemed as if every man in Njegus kept a butcher-shop.

THE PRINCESS OF MONTENEGRO

From here the road rapidly descends, and our troyka moved swiftly through groups of magnificently attired, much-armed peasants, who could have riddled us in five minutes had they so desired. There were a few women in the crowd, but they marred the beauty of the picture, for each one of them carried a huge bundle and drove a heavy-laden donkey before her.

We now have a glimpse of the smallest capital of Europe, with its red roofs and whitewashed houses. The streets were as full as they could be of men, tall, fine-looking fellows with picturesque coats, embroidered vests which never button, baggy blue breeches, and high boots. The city looked gay and festive, a mass of colors, and men were busy stretching garlands from pole to pole, and decorating them with the Bulgarian and Montenegrin flags. It seemed queer to see these giants climbing on to little ladders and nailing tiny flags, while their belts were heavy with weapons and on their feet were boots which came above their knees. We reached the inn, which is owned by the Prince, and were received by a porter, who also wore pistols and daggers, and were politely told what I had long before surmised, that there was no room in the hotel, and that the little city now contained thirty thousand people, its natural capacity being three thousand. Through the intervention of Mr. Kennedy, the English



THE WAY TO TURKEY

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A WOMAN OF HERZEGOVINA

Ambassador, I not only procured excellent lodgings, but also an introduction to Prince Nikita, the ruler of this realm, and with it the promise of an audience, and an invitation to be present at the banquet given in honor of the royal guest. Inasmuch as this article is to deal with the Slav from the standpoint of the Prince, I reluctantly pass over the delightful experience in the hospitable home of the Montenegrin Minister of the Exterior (where my lodgings were); a three days' kodaking tour through the country with Prince Peter, the youngest son of his Royal Highness; the drive to Antivari, the only Montenegrin harbor, where the Prince of Bulgaria landed; and, finally, the Prince's enthusiastic reception in Cettinje.

A MONTENEGRO PEASANT

Having seen the Prince of Bulgaria at rather close range, I may nevertheless be permitted to say that he is a small man physically, and is judged to be so mentally by all who know him. Two events occurred on the trip to Cettinje which will throw some light upon the man. He arrived in Montenegro on Sunday, and on the trip to the capital asked that a Greek mass should be celebrated, although he is a Roman Catholic. This inconsistency drew from the Montenegrins, who were not at all flattered, a smile of contempt. I had an opportunity to ask him a few questions, and, having friends in the Bulgarian mission field, I naturally asked what he thought of these missionaries. The answer I received is unprintable, but the Prince of Montenegro slapped him on the shoulder and said, "But, Bratje, if it were not for these missionaries there might have been no free Bulgaria." At ten o'clock one morning the Adjutant of the Prince of Montenegro arrived at my lodging, and I was escorted to the palace for a formal audience. On the way thither soldiers and peasants drew up in line, and were saluted in military style, which was quite a contrast to the look of contempt with which I was previously greeted by these giants, who were decidedly suspicious of the stranger with his black box.

ARMY COMMANDER

The palace is a plain, two-story building, its furnishings not at all luxurious; the audience-room is about eighteen feet long and fifteen wide; the floors are covered by Turkish rugs, and some fairly good and some very poor pictures of Europe's sovereigns adorn the walls. The Prince sat upon a fur-covered chair, and the reception he gave me was cordial past my expectation. He is a tall, well-built man; the color of his face indicates robust health, and tells the story of hardships in the battle-field. His eyes are penetrating and their light magnetic; he draws one to homage, I should say even to love. His subjects adore him, kiss the hem of his garments, and I can say that it is no empty form with them. He knows the affairs of every tribe; he is the chief justice, the head of the church and the head

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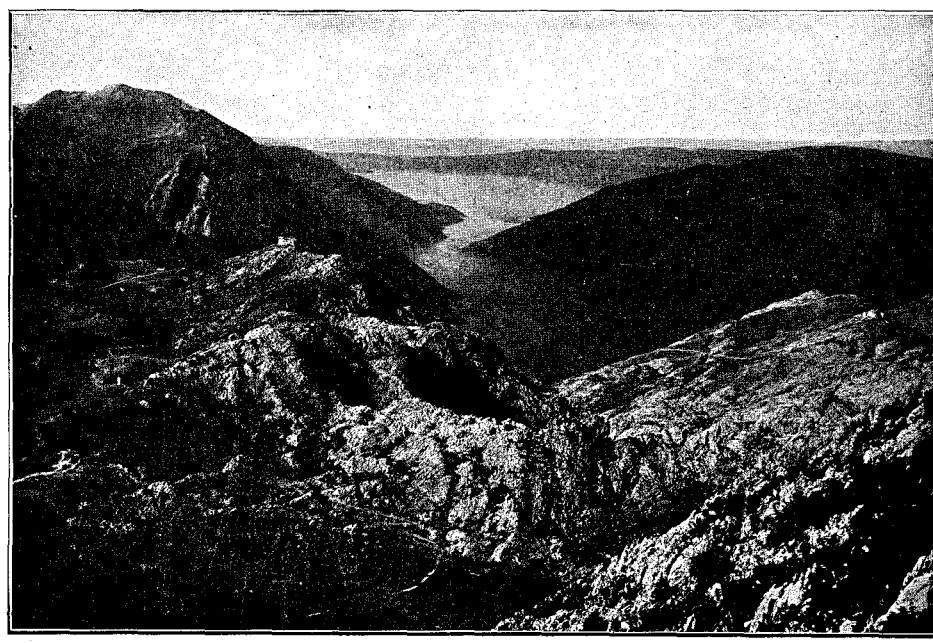
of the army, and on occasions like these he passes among the crowds greeting the veterans, listening to their compliments, and cheering his subjects, who at this time were particularly downcast, for there had been no war for years, and the drought had played havoc with their scant crops.

The first question the Prince asked me was, "How do you like Montenegro?" Of course I said that I liked it, but I didn't see how his subjects lived, for the fields I had seen were no larger than the rug upon which I was standing, and the crops upon them looked thin and sickly. "We never raise enough grain," he replied, "and we import a good deal of it from Russia." The fact is that if it were not for these annual donations from Russia his subjects would starve to death. Montenegro is Russia's poor relation, and she gets her second-hand guns, surgical instruments, school-books, and even telegraphic instruments. I asked what he thought about the future of Russia, and he replied, "Ah! Russia is great, and will grow greater every year. She has diplomacy, she has a great army, she has great resources, she is wisely governed." I was inclined to doubt some of these statements, especially the last one; but he said, "Russia has the best government for the Slav; she would break into a hundred fragments if the power were not so centralized." I ventured to ask whether that was not due to the fact that the Slav lacked the sense of cohesion, due to loyalty to his tribe or brotherhood, and whether, in his opinion, this will not be a great obstacle in the unification of the Slavs. "Yes, this is true, but not so much because of our strong family feelings as of the fact that we have been conquered by other nations, who separated us one from the other, and, by imposing upon us their civilization and often their speech, made us strangers one to the other. I think that custom and language will keep us apart." I asked whether he expected changes in the map of Europe before many years. "Yes," he replied; "we must have changes; Montenegro must have Serbia. We are up here in a strange land. Down by the Danube is our home; we fled from it because we preferred to be like the eagles, free. Yes, you may write it down; Europe ought to hear it; we have been exiles now nearly five hundred years; Serbia is our home, and my fathers were its rulers. We preferred these mountains to Turkish rule; we have fought against it for centuries, and the nations ought to give us what rightfully is ours."

"How about the map of Austria?" He



THE BAY OF CATTARO

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would not answer this question, and I remarked that an Austrian general whom I met on board the ship told me that the southern Slav would form a federation of States just as soon as Austria lost her hold upon her own Slavic subjects, and he replied, "Well, that wouldn't be a bad idea." But to fuse them would be a great task; they speak half a dozen dialects, so different that to understand one another they would have to speak German or Latin. The Prince asked me in what respects I found the Slavs different from the Anglo-Saxons, and which I liked the better as a race, having lived among both. This was a long and a hard question to answer, but I begged his pardon beforehand, and remarked that they differed first in their home life, that of the Anglo-Saxon being freer, and that in the home the nation was reflected; they differed decidedly in their conception of woman's place in society; that the Anglo-Saxon afforded her a much higher place. "Yes, that is true," the Prince interrupted me, "and you men are all going to be women, incapable for war and for business." I suggested that in both these spheres of activity we were still holding our own, but he shook his head and said, "That is just where Russia is strong; strong in men; that's where we are strong: look at our men," and he glanced at his adjutant, a good deal over six feet tall.

A MONTENEGRO BOY

With all the admirable qualities of the southern Slav, he is, as a rule, the most tyrannical husband I know, and wife-beating is the rule and almost a law, for the proverbs say, "He who doesn't beat his wife is no man;" "Beat your wife and your horse, if you want them to obey you;" and when she dies, the proverb says, "Twice in his life is a man happy—once when he marries and once when he buries his wife." Very justly the Prince remarked, "There is one thing which you cannot charge to us; we make no merchandise of our women."

"A woman," the Prince continued, "can ask any man she meets to be her protector; he must go with her, and in no case has she any reason to regret her choice. Should he insult her, he could not return to his native village without danger to himself. And as far as our homes are concerned, they have one thing in which they are superior to those of the Anglo-Saxon people: hospitality is a law with us; we protect our enemies as soon as they enter our doors, and not even my power could compel one of my subjects to surrender his guest to me. Our proverb says, 'As long as he is in my house he is like myself.' You know we were once homeless in these mountains; and no stranger, whomsoever he be, would be turned from the door of my poorest subject. It has happened not seldom that wounded Turks were harbored in some of the homes of my people, and were assisted to escape as soon as they were able to walk."

The Prince is an enthusiast on the subject of Slavic literature, and is himself a poet of much talent, and his dramas have passed, not only over the tiny stage at Cettinje, but have been played repeatedly at Belgrave and other cities where the Serbic language is spoken. The literature of the southern Slav is largely the literature of the people, the ancient Saga, and has grown, as the Prince says, "upon the lips of the people." It is diminishing in quantity and quality, and will disappear when civilization has supplanted the present primitive, heroic way of living.

The audience was over, and I was permitted to enter the large garden where the different tribes were gathering to be reviewed by their ruler. They stood about him in a semicircle, like giant trees of the forest, untainted by vice or disease, untouched by culture; thirty thousand of them passed before him—old comrades of the battlefield and their sons—and for each of them he had a friendly look. A king, yet as a brother he walked among them, and they kissed the hem of his garment as he passed, and no doubt each of them would have been ready to give his life for his "Njegus." While one of the tribes was in review, and he passed from one to the ohter receiving the usual salutation, he came to an old warrior who stood meekly in his place, ready to follow

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the example of his comrades, but the Prince kissed him on the cheek and said, "Bratje, it is for me to salute thee, for thou hast saved my life," and the old man thus honored wept for joy.

It was all over much too soon, this glimpse of a heroic people, who are still living in the past, without steam or electricity, with scarce anything which belongs to this century except postage-stamps and American revolvers; and I am still undecided whether to pity or to envy them.

The Grasmere Sports

By A. J. George

I PRESUME all will agree that the secret of England's power to work is in the fact that she has solved the problem of play. The American traveler in England, if he is thoughtful and observing, is impressed with this truth above all others. The honest, hearty activity of the English people—young and old—on the Saturday half-holiday, bank holiday, and the numerous other festival days, is a sight well worth crossing the Atlantic to see.

One who is familiar with rural life in England will care little for the rush and roar of the city, but will turn his face toward hill and moor, beck and tarn, where life is never dressed for show; where "love is found in huts where poor men lie," and where one's daily teacher may be woods and hills, and the silence that is in the starry sky.

Tired of haste, and wearying strain,
We long for scenes that rest and cheer;
We leave the mart, the court of gain,
And seek for what will aye endear:
The strength that's found in mere and dell,
The freshness of the moor and fell,
Whose beauty born of murmuring sound
May steal into the soul.

In Cumbria's dales and Westmoreland,
Whose rugged Pike and towering Scaur—
Defended by a worthy band—
Oft turned back the shock of war;
British camp and Roman wall,
Strong Norman keep and Saxon hall,
The dalesman's stead and shepherd's cot,
The past and present blend.

By Grasmere's lake and peaceful vale
Enshrined within the mountains old,
Where—glorified by many a tale
Of cottager and shepherd bold—
Life still is rich in nature's lore,
And lovely as in times of yore,
When in its lonely, shy retreat
The poet of the hills did dwell.

He lived that all who would might see
Where manliness might yet be found,
What beauty was, what dignity,
In simple folk by duty bound,
He lies by Rotha's sparkling wave,
Near sights and sounds that won his love,
And all who've felt his kindling touch
Rejoice in life the more.

Of the many interesting features of life in the Lakeland which Wordsworth loved, and in which man and nature work together, may be mentioned those famous festivals which have been handed down from the earliest times, and which are annually observed: Rushbearing at Grasmere and Ambleside, May Queen festival at Keswick, Sheep-dogs' contest at Troutbeck, and the Grasmere sports.

These sports resemble the old Greek games in simplicity, naturalness, and freedom from the vices of professionalism. Their modern counterpart is the Highland contests over the border—of which Clough wrote so charmingly in his Vacation Pastoral, "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich:"

It was afternoon; and the sports were now at an ending,
Long had stone been put, tree cast, and thrown the hammer;
Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it,
Eight stout gillies had run, with speed and agility wondrous;
Run, too, the course on the level had been; the leaping was over.

For weeks preparations had been made in the little vale of "Girsmer." Shepherds were coming to the shop of the Secretary to enter for the wrestling or the running; hounds were brought in to be numbered; there were frequent practice runs on the flat or up Sölver How. Pavement End, the old camping-ground of Viking and Roman, now used as cricket pitch, was being put into shape; the grand stand, the band stand, and all the rest of the necessary accessories, were being erected, and all was expectation. We had watched the glass for days, and the report was, "Going up"—a sure sign of good weather.

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At last the eventful morning came, and we rose early to see the first comers. An old dalesman, in reply to a question in regard to the weather, said: "Weel, weel, the top end'll be fine, but the back end mebbe'll be wet, but naebody at Girsmere sports cares for wet." The roads are now alive with coaches, spanking teams and gay turnouts of the gentry, carts of all sorts, horsemen and footmen, for the nearest railway station is eight miles away. Horns are tooting and all are merry-making. They are coming from Furness Abbey, Coniston, Bowness, Paterdale, Langdale, Penrith, Keswick, and Cockermouth, over the hills and moors, and a walk of twenty miles is a common thing. It's a glorious sight, this pilgrimage through the charmed circle of the Lakeland hills, where nature and man have united to work that magic of

A world in miniature; a land
Wrought with such curious toil as though in mirth
Nature has thrown thee from her dextrous hand
To be a sportive model of the earth.

Every rood of ground has been consecrated by the life and love and song of the noblest men and women the world knows: Faber, Wilson, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth and his sister, Hartley Coleridge, Dr. Arnold, Mrs. Hemans, Matthew Arnold, and Ruskin have shed a luster over this land—

The gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

As we pass into Red Lion Square we find every hotel and private house has prepared to entertain guests—and a hungry lot they will be. Tables are set in every available spot in the house and garden. Our landlady expects to serve dinner to three hundred, and asks us if we would not like to take our lunch into the fields, or to the island in the lake; but we say nay, as we wish to see the crowd in all its activities. At the old-lich gate of the churchyard we buy some of Sarah Nelson's famous gingerbread, some banbury cakes of a huckster, a programme of one village lad, a ticket of another, and we are ready for the day's sport. As we take our seat upon the highest of the six rows which surround the field—now filled with an eager, merry, and motley throng—the scene is an inspiring one. Rows of carriages surround the amphitheater of seats, smaller carriages first, then the larger, and at last the coaches, making a second series of seats; while below the crowd begins to select seats upon mackintoshes spread upon the ground. The Queen's Royal Lancashire Band is playing national airs, and the old crier is making ready to announce the events.

"What a parson's pleasure-ground is this!" says Canon Rawnsley. "Deans, canons, bishops, and archbishops are seen in the happiest and most unprofessional of moods. There is at least one parson in the Sports Committee, and around the ring they may be counted by scores. One is not sorry that this is so. The more our spiritual shepherds meet and mingle with such simple country shepherds' sport as Grasmere provides, the healthier and happier the tone of English amusement." The Canon himself is one of the Committee, and has done more, perhaps, than any other man to make these sports what they are.

As we sit here waiting for the sports to begin, the eye wanders over the peaceful vale, still preserving all the beauties which a century and a half ago charmed the poet Gray and led him to write, "One of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. No flaming gentleman's house, or garden walks, break in upon this little, unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire."

Two objects stand out as touching memorials of the kind of life with nature that has been lived here, and which, humble as they are, yet shed influence over the English-speaking world: Dove Cottage, where the poet, who enjoyed these simple pastimes, lived and loved and sang; and the quiet corner in the little churchyard of St. Oswald's, where, beneath the fir-trees planted by himself and Dr. Arnold, lie the ashes of the poet and his beloved wife and sister,

No heavier thing upon his gentle breast
Than turf starred o'er in spring with daisy eyes.

The Rotha murmurs a sweet undersong as it glides quietly by on its way to the lake.

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha, with thy living wave!

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Sing him thy best! For few or none
Hear thy voice right, now he is gone.

Wordsworth's own description of the vale on his return to Dove Cottage after a long absence suggests itself to us who have returned here after a period of several years:

Mild and soft and gay and beautiful thou art,
Dear valley, having in thy face a smile
Though peaceful full of gladness. Thou art pleased,
Pleased with thy crags and woody steeps, thy lake,
Its one green island, and its winding shores,
Thy multitude of little rocky hills,
Thy church and cottages of mountain stone,
Clustered like stars some few, but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats.

Thus lost in reflection, we are called back to the present by the bell and shout of the Crier, as we hear, "All ye who have entered for the leaping mak reedy and coom oot!" and again, "If ony of ye chaps have entered heavy weight wristling, coom intil ring!" Wrestling will continue all day, for there are fifty six entries for heavyweights, and forty-four for lightweights. The judges now appear, properly decorated with badges, and as some get in the way of the onlookers, the cry is—"Tell the oompire to staand aboot!" The bobbies (police) are pushing the crowd back, and ordering them "Doon, doon, on the mackintoshes, sit doon!" when one young fellow gets a bit saucy, and the bobby says: "Tut, tut, now, no bad language!" While the first pair are wrestling, one of the contestants gets a bit hot because his opponent seems to be getting the best hold, and the crowd shouts (in condemnation of it) to the other, "Go on, Jackson, neever ye mind temper, knock him mad, blow him oot."

Leaping being over, the cry is, "All ye mak reedy for the toog o' war!" and so it goes on through the various contests until two o'clock is reached, the hour for the guides' race. Now those who have been opening hampers and cracking ale-bottles at lunch suddenly are on tiptoe, for this race is one of the unique features of the sports. At the sound of the bell there step forward twelve lusty dalesmen who know every hill and dale, every beck and tarn, in the district. They come from Braithewaite, Skelwith Bridge, Outgate, Moor How, Blackburn, and Troutbeck, and know what mountain-climbing means. They are to leap the stone wall six feet high, run across the flat one-half mile, and up Silver How, 1,200 feet high, over rocks and becks, through bracken and heather, and return to the sports-field. We notice particularly one slim-limbed, broad-chested runner, whose name reveals a bit of history. Caradice is his name, and Canon Rawnsley tells us that it is still a somewhat common name in Westmoreland, and is evidence that he descended from the old British chieftain Caractacus or Caradoc. While we are talking, they are off like a pack of hounds; each, selecting his own path, makes for the fellside. It is a hardy feat, this, but up they go, pass the flagman at the top, and start for the return, now jumping from rock to rock, now swinging from bough to bough, and now crawling like mountain goats over slippery stones and through tangled thickets. It is a closely contested race, not a hundred yards between the first man and the last at the finish; the time is fourteen minutes and forty seconds, over a distance of nearly two miles, mostly mountain-climbing. I asked an old dalesman near me if there were ever any accidents in these races, and he replied: "Na, na, not often, but if a gay good un [the leader] should brak his lig or tummel and hurt hissel' they would give him a prize, tak care of him, and pay the doctor." It is interesting to note here that several of those who were in the guides' race entered the mile race shortly after. Now the welcome cry is heard, "All maak reedy for the hound trail!" This is the contest for which we have been waiting, and all eyes are turned toward the line as the hounds, twenty-two in number, are led forth. Here come Royal, Duster, Welcome, Ruby, Comrade, Crazy Jane, and all the rest. They are thin as rakes—splendid condition for the ten-mile run over the fellside. Their caretakers are giving them, from bottles, soup or tea, so that they may not be thirsty, and may run without pausing at the becks to drink. The runner of the trail, who started over the course in the morning, dragging a rabbit-skin saturated with anise-seed, now comes in by Easdale, and we know what the run is to be. As the hounds catch the scent, each breaks forth in baying, and the chorus echoes and re-echoes over the hills. Some have to be held in arms, others by both hands, as they tug at the leash.

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Every eye is eager and sparkling, every ear intent, and every voice at its best. At the signal they are off, and "Awa' wi' tha!" is heard from hundreds of spectators.

How they leap across the field and over the wall! Up the side of Silver How they go in speckled lines, filling the valley with their music. We now raise the glasses to our eyes and follow them in their gay sport. Comrade is leading by Red Bank, and the motley crowd is close upon him; on they rush by Loughrigg Fell and Rydal Water, around Rydal Mount and under Nap Scar; Fairfield and Helvellyn send back their baying; Greenhead Ghyll and Michael's sheepfold glisten with the moving multitude as they emerge into the open; now they leap the Raise and are on Helm Crag; Easdale gives us their voices; and now the leaders are to be seen on the crest of Still Fell, where they stop for a moment as if they had lost the trail. All is excitement lest they loiter, but it is only for a moment, for on they come over the beck and down the rocks, eyes sparkling with joy, and voices still fresh and clear; all so intensely human.

The crowd rush on to meet their favorites and cheer them home. Ruby leads, with Miller second, and Comrade third; but all seem pleased alike, conquerors and conquered. They have run the trail in thirty-nine minutes.

This completes the sports for us, and we wander away by the lakeside until the evening shadows fall and the valley resumes its wonted repose after another eventful day. Returning by the poet's house, we hear the voice of a disciple of Wordsworth as he utters our own feelings:

"Behind Helm Crag and Silver How the sheen
Of the retreating day is less and less.
Soon will the lordlier summits, here unseen,
Gather the night about their nakedness.

The half-heard bleat of sheep comes from the hill,
Faint sound of childish play is on the air.
The river murmurs past. All else is still;
The very graves seem stiller than they are.

Afar though nation be on nation hurled,
And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,
Here one may scarce believe the whole wide world
Is not at peace, and all man's heart at rest.

Rest! 'twas the gift *he* gave; and peace! the shade
He spread, for spirits fevered with the sun.
To him his bounties are come back—here laid
In rest, in peace, his labor nobly done."

The Hour-Glass

By Priscilla Leonard

Eternal things can stretch or shorten Time
At their imperial will; from chime to chime
Measures the limit of an hour, yet still
The anguish of a soul can overfill
A century's cup as the slow seconds move,
Or, throned within the heart, a rapturous love
With passionate and all-compelling power
Can, by a touch, make of the self-same hour
A single yearning moment, swift to pass.
Ah, Time! how impotent thy scythe and glass,—
Plaything thou art, though tyrant thou wouldst be,
For man's eternal soul makes sport of thee!

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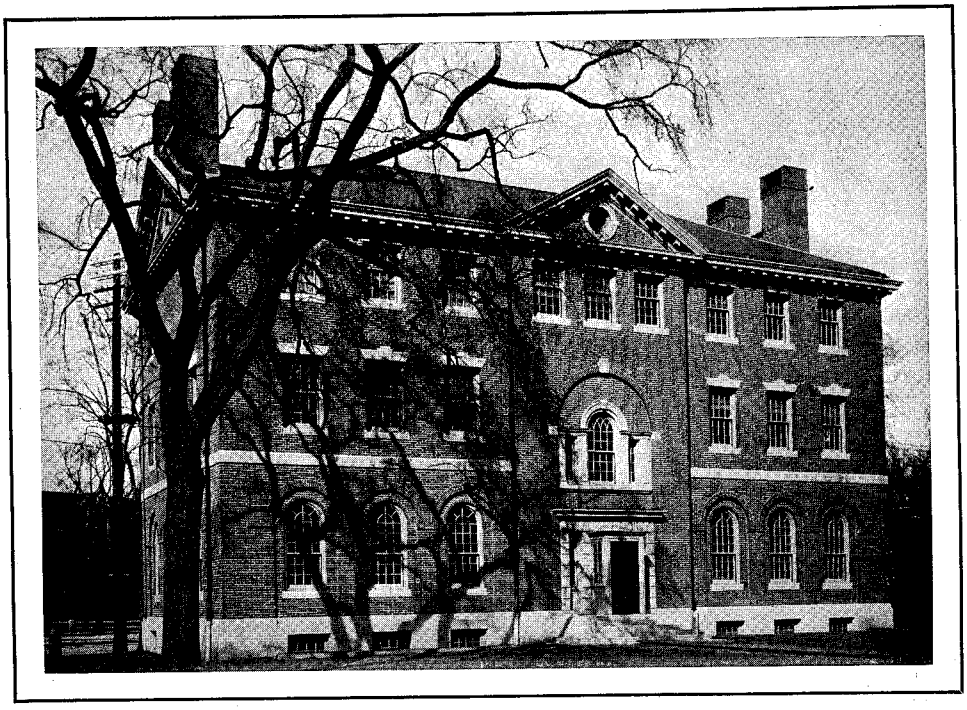

PHILLIPS BROOKS HOUSE

The photographs from which the accompanying illustrations are made were taken by Mr. Julian Burroughs.

The Religious Situation at Harvard

By Durant Drake

ON the twenty-third of January last, Phillips Brooks House, the new religious center of Harvard, was formally dedicated and transferred to the University. Following the presentation exercises, a "mass-meeting" of students gathered in Sanders to show their loving respect for the memory of the great preacher and sympathetic friend of young men whose name the building was to bear.

The simple three-story structure of brick and stone, thus introduced to the University, stands on the northwest corner of the Yard, very near the daily ebb and flow of student life. It harmonizes in architecture with the other old buildings close by, and when the newness of the brick has worn off in the wind and rain, and the ivy has crept over its walls, it will be one of the most attractive buildings in the Yard. Under this one roof are now housed Catholics and Protestants of every denomination, all co-operating heartily in their common work of increasing the religious life of the students. On the ground floor are the common reception-rooms—whose broad, open fireplaces and polished floors add to the quiet, subdued atmosphere—the library, and the office of the Student Volunteer Committee, the central philanthropic organization. Upstairs are suites of rooms for the different religious societies, and a hall, holding two hundred and fifty, for larger meetings.

The opening of this home for the religious societies marks a new epoch in their existence, by giving them a standing and recognition in the eyes of the University. It is thus another move in the gradual solution of the problem, How far and in what way shall our religious feeling find outward expression? It is the same problem of religion which is being grappled with everywhere. We are in a transition age, when old forms of expression are being outgrown, and the new forms which are to take their place are not yet plain. Beliefs are no longer accepted like a

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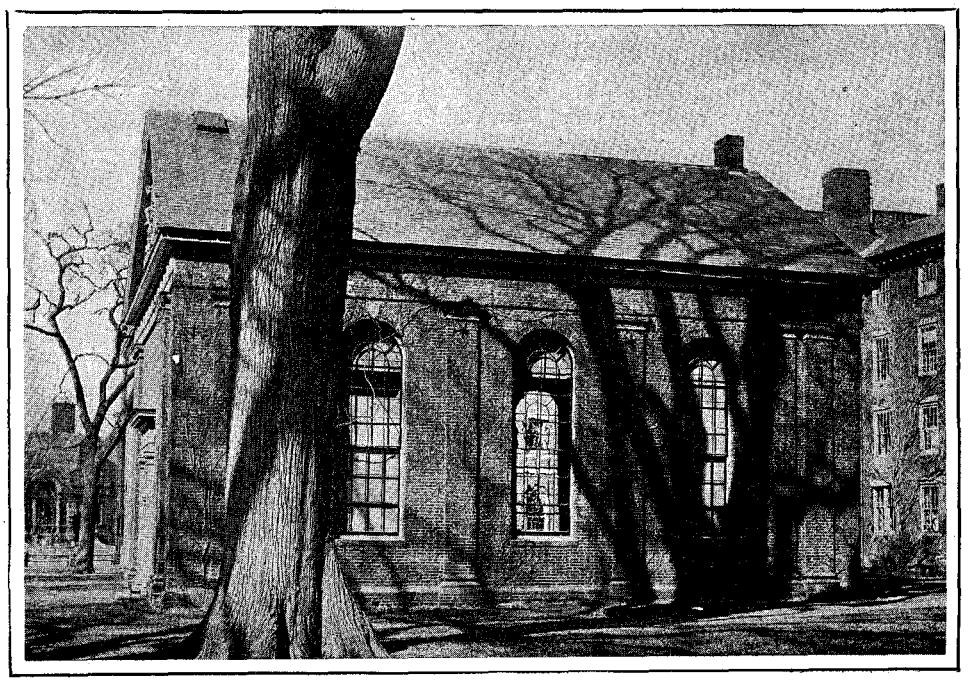
family name. Religious meetings must appeal to the manhood in men if they are to draw. Harvard, as befits her, is in the forefront of the movement. Here, if anywhere, this burning question of religion is being keenly felt and seriously faced.

To a superficial observer it might seem that this unrest—this discontent with old forms—denoted irreligion. Nothing could be further from the truth. Passive acceptance of creeds, not the uncertain groping after better, is dangerous. At least, nowhere is there a franker interest in religious problems than at Harvard. The frequent lectures and addresses given before the University on ethical and religious topics are well attended—as, for example, the annual Ingersoll lecture on the Immortality of Man, given this year by Professor Royce, which had to be repeated, on account of the large numbers turned away from the hall the first night.

Of course, in such a large and heterogeneous community as ours, it is impossible to make generalizations of universal validity. All types of men are to be found. There are many who are heedless and frivolous, not a few who are depraved and vicious—just as there are everywhere. But in general the undergraduates are dignified, true-hearted, and thoughtful, less prankish and more mature than in most colleges. The typical Harvard man looks at life seriously, tries to do whatever he does well, and wishes to make the most of his life. Moral standards are high. In all intercollegiate contests fairness and sportsmanship are the rule. It is almost impossible for any one to attain prominence among his fellows who is not a thorough gentleman and a manly man. In short, if religion be held to consist, not in church-going and adherence to creeds, but in a faithful discharge of duties, an intelligent interest in vital problems, an earnest longing to make life better, a reverent attitude toward all that is sacred to men, and a steady faith in the value of life—then the Harvard spirit may be said to be truly religious.

That this spirit expresses itself in true, manly lives is much. But men in all times have felt the need of a more directly religious expression of this attitude toward the world. To fill this need the University provides daily services in Appleton Chapel, and, in addition, various groups of students hold religious meetings of different kinds. By no means all of the most promising young men of the University care for these services, but they neverthe-



THE OLD CHAPEL (HOLDEN)

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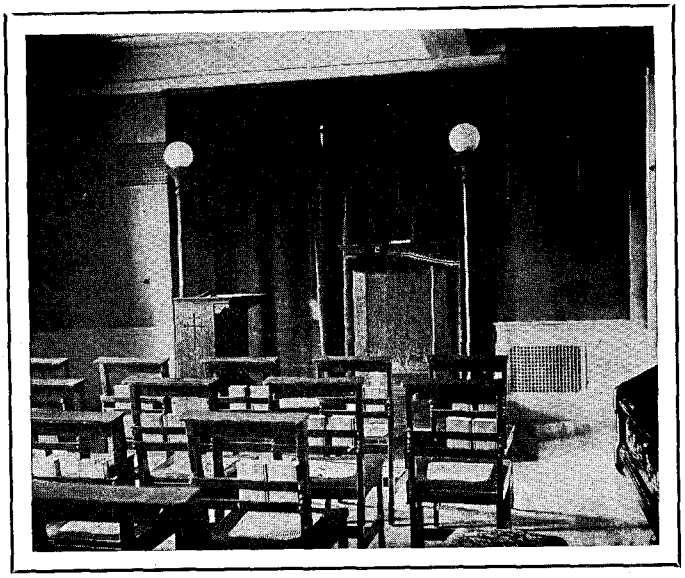
less attract a large percentage of the students from their busy lives.

Most important, perhaps, are the quiet morning prayers in Appleton Chapel. For five minutes before a quarter of nine every week-day the silver-toned bell of Harvard Hall calls the men together; and as the last peal dies away the simple quarter-hour service begins. The rich morning sunlight streaming through the stained-glass windows, the reverent atmosphere of the chapel, and the serious faces of the listeners, contribute to make an impressive scene. Singing by the college choir, a few verses read responsively, a brief, earnest talk by the preacher of the day, ending with the Lord's Prayer recited together, a closing hymn, and the service is over, promptly at nine o'clock. The attendance varies from day to day, depending largely upon the power of the preacher to attract. On a Monday morning, before the many who spend Sunday away from Cambridge have returned, the number may fall to sixty or seventy; on some days it rises to three hundred or more. A few regular chapel-goers there are who may be seen morning after morning, rain or shine, in the accustomed seat. But the majority attend perhaps two or three times a week, so that the whole number who come under the influence of the services is much larger than might be supposed.



MEETING-ROOM OF THE ST. PAUL'S SOCIETY, PHILLIPS BROOKS HOUSE

One of the chief reasons for the success of these purely voluntary services lies in the quality of the speakers. A board of five preachers of any denomination, together with the regular Preacher to the University, take turns in conducting the services. Many of the best preachers in the country have been numbered from year to year on this board since its founding in 1886—Phillips Brooks, Lyman Abbott, George Gordon, Henry van Dyke, Washington Gladden, Dean Hodges, Bishop Lawrence, President Tucker, of Dartmouth, President Hyde, of Bowdoin, Dr. Faunce, now President of Brown, and others equally well known.

The Sunday evening services are open to the public, and, if the preacher is popular, are often crowded, but seats are reserved for the students, who predominate in numbers. No services are held in Appleton Chapel Sunday mornings, but seats are provided for the students at the expense of the University in many of the neighboring churches, and a large number of students regularly attend churches in Cambridge or Boston. Most picturesque and famous of all are the vesper services held in the late afternoon on Thursdays from Thanksgiving to Easter. It is customary for students to entertain their friends on these days, and every week the chapel is thronged with fair maidens in prettiest costume. The service is largely of song, with usually a solo by one of the boy sopranos. Toward spring, as the afternoons lengthen and the Yard grows more and more beautiful, the number of visitors increases, till one must go early to secure a seat.

Far less noticeable, but of deeper effect than any services, are the quiet talks in the "Preachers' Room" in quaint old Wadsworth House. Here, in a cozy study with easy chairs and open fireplace, the preacher *pro tem.* keeps open house. Thus, the whole morning long, every day during term-time, some leading clergyman

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gives his time to talking personally with men about anything that interests them—and he is rarely left idle. They come with all sorts of questions, doubts, and moods, just to get advice and help, as from one man to another. The preachers have invariably agreed that this pastoral work—such as is offered by no other college or church in the country—is by far the most valuable part of their duties in Cambridge. In the private record-book which holds the experience and suggestions of each successive preacher are many like the following from the hand of Phillips Brooks: "There have been some interviews here which have made me feel that for one of them alone it would have been quite worth while to take the small trouble which coming all these days has involved."

In addition to the religious privileges offered directly by the University there are several groups of students who seek a further expression for their religious feeling. The largest of these groups is the Christian Association—the descendant of a society formed in 1802, and now a member of the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. of North America. Its regular members must be "members in good standing of evangelical churches," but all students are cordially invited to join in its work. Devotional meetings, usually led by students, are held once a week, in the early evening, with an average attendance of about thirty. Several weekly Bible classes are conducted, with an enrollment of some seventy students. A pleasant reading-room, with the daily papers and magazines, as well as a well-selected library of modern religious books, is open all day, and attracts a good many readers.

At the beginning of the college year the Association is busiest. A reception committee keeps members on hand in the reading-room to welcome new students and assist them in every way possible. Handbooks with general information of all sorts about the University are distributed; small baggage is taken care of; letters are received for students whose address is uncertain; a list of rooms and boarding-places is prepared. During the first week a reception is held, at which opportunity is given freshmen to meet each other and upper-classmen.

All this varied activity, besides the philanthropic work carried on by the Association, which includes weekly Gospel services at the Davis Street Industrial Home, teaching at the Chinese Sunday-school, and the daily care of a sailors' reading-room on T wharf, is under the supervision of a salaried general secretary.

Another association, the St. Paul's Society, aims to unite the Episcopalians of the University in worship according to the customs of their Church. Meetings, of from ten to twenty-five, are held weekly, usually in charge of some clergyman. During Lent and Advent evening prayers are read daily by one of the members of the Society. A chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, formed in connection with the Society, holds monthly meetings.

The Catholic Club has for its aim "to improve the moral and religious life of its members, to make the Roman Catholic religion better known at Harvard, and to increase the good will that exists between the Catholics and Protestants of the University." Fortnightly conferences are held on doctrinal subjects, and occasional open meetings, addressed by prominent Catholics. The club has been up to this year the only one of its kind outside of the Catholic universities, and its existence has done much to reassure Catholic students who have wished to enjoy the educational advantages of Harvard while still keeping firm hold of their religion.

A more recent organization is the Religious Union, which is intended to include "all men interested in religious matters, without distinction of belief," who wish to come together and discuss religious and ethical questions. As yet it has but a small membership—about ten or twenty usually gathering for the discussion.

Besides these organizations there are several smaller religious societies of different denominations, which meet less frequently and are chiefly social in nature.

The religious privileges which thus lie open to the student are of the very best. And yet it is true that a large class of men—and among them many of the best in college—do not take advantage of them. Appleton Chapel, with its splendid corps of preachers, attracts a considerable proportion of the men, but the religious societies draw only small numbers. This is doubtless due in part to the fact that some of them have at times been in the

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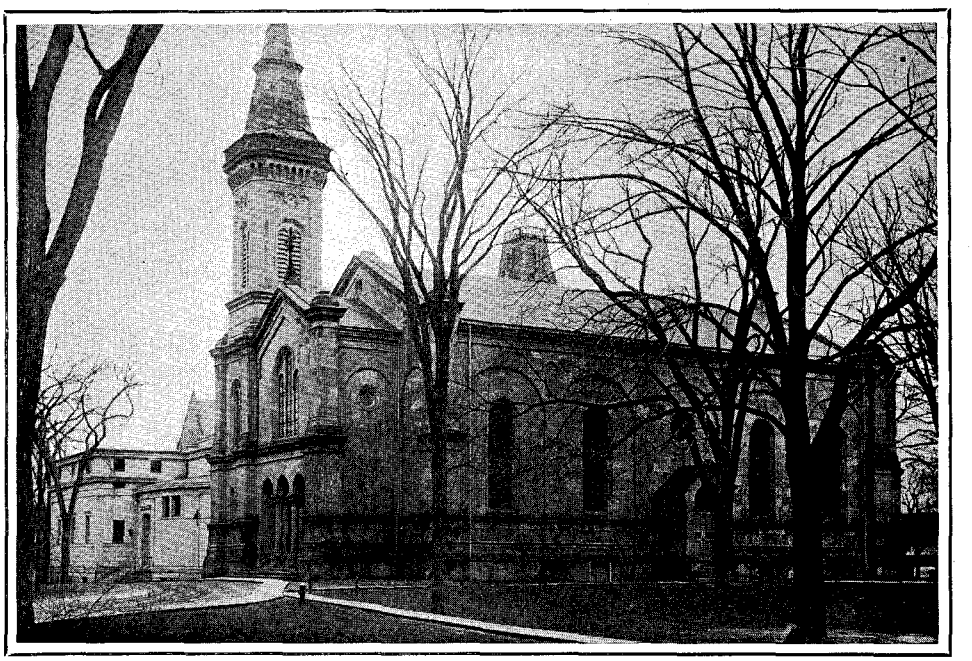
hands of narrowly pious men—and the ordinary Harvard man has a horror of narrowness. But, beyond the distrust arising thence, it is evident that neither prayer-meetings nor religious discussions in which they may be expected to take part are attractive to the body of students.

Not that Harvard is so different from the "outer world" in this respect. Prayer-meetings and church-going are nowhere so universal as in former times, when the customs of most of our New England colleges were crystallized. Indeed, religious expression is probably as large an element here as in any other equally heterogeneous community in America. Where in any Protestant country can be found so large an attendance at purely voluntary daily services? By "compulsion" the numerical attendance could be made much larger, but compulsory chapel, with its half-clothed and irreverent or at least indifferent audiences, and the disgust for religion which it often breeds, has long been abolished, to the satisfaction of all.



APPLETON CHAPEL

Nor is there the less obvious compulsion of custom. No Harvard man attends any religious service because it is *the thing* to do. There is absolutely no social position or prominence in any way to be gained by it; it is regarded as a purely personal matter. Thus it would be quite impossible, for instance, for an officer of the Young Men's Christian Association to be found cheating, as has happened where the position is one of social repute. Whatever religious expression takes place is thoroughly genuine and natural; every bit of it means something. When Henry Drummond, after making a tour of American colleges, returned for a day or two to Harvard, he paid hearty tribute to the genuineness of her religion. "Your morning chapel is the best of all," he said on leaving; "it is the most religious service I ever attended."

Why, then, is it that larger numbers of earnest students do not join in these genuine and sincere devotional exercises? This is the problem.

Several reasons may be mentioned which combine to hinder religious expression here. In the first place, life for the serious undergraduate is at a fever-heat. He has more to do, that is really worth doing and that he really wants to do, than he can possibly include. Athletics of every conceivable sort, debating, literary work, tutoring, concerts and lectures on every conceivable subject, innumerable clubs and societies, besides the regular college work, draw him this way

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and that, with a thousand calls upon his time. Religious services are not attended as a matter of course; they must show that they are worth more to him than other things he might be doing.

Besides this, a hesitation in the minds of many about identifying themselves with any particular religious belief results from the whole critical atmosphere of the University. Contact with beliefs of every description leads to tolerance and to hatred of dogmatism. Everything must be weighed before being accepted; sleepy, perfunctory acquiescence in tradition is felt to be wrong. Individualism, in the sense that every man must stand on his own feet and think out his own position, prevails. All is in ferment. Doubt, suspended judgment, are welcomed as alone trustworthy. Most men feel that they are not yet ready to settle the most important problems, or commit themselves to anything professedly religious.

Still further, the shattering of religious prejudice and preconception leads many men to a temporary position of dislike for anything that bears the name religion. This reaction from blind belief to absolute hostility is a stage through which many Harvard men pass, and on some it leaves a lasting mark. But in most men, underlying their distrust of religious forms, there still lurks a genuine religious yearning, however unprofessed and even unrecognized.

To this condition of affairs comes the enthusiasm attending the opening of Phillips Brooks House, and a renewed attempt to find an adequate expression for the religious spirit. Besides the increased aggressiveness of the existing societies, a new movement has been started by the formation of a central committee, composed of delegates from the various religious societies and other men prominent in college, including the presidents of the Senior and Freshmen classes, the ranking scholar of the Senior Class, and the Captain of the 'Varsity football team. This committee has planned University religious meetings of a very simple nature, to be held monthly in the large hall of Phillips Brooks House. Prominent and well-loved preachers are to be invited to speak, and the address is to be followed by an informal reception to the speaker, with light refreshments. The committee believes that the meetings of the various groups of men comprising the different religious societies are all the better for being small and personal in nature, but it hopes in these University meetings—free from all profession of faith—to reach larger numbers and unite them in common sympathy.

It is too soon to predict how this interesting experiment will turn out. Its success or failure will go far to indicate the attitude of the educated young men of to-day toward religious matters. But, whether the time proves ripe for this or not, those who know Harvard best will continue to have the utmost confidence in her ultimate solution of the religious problem. No one has known Harvard better than Phillips Brooks, for whom we have named our new building, and no one had more confidence in her. In reply to a young man expecting to study for the ministry, who was choosing his college and was a little afraid of the influence of Harvard upon his faith, he wrote, in a letter dated March 28, 1887: "I am glad that you are thinking of coming to Harvard College, and I hope that you will do so. I think that it was never so good a place for the life and study of a young man as it is to-day. I have known it for the last thirty-six years, and watched it closely all that time. It has improved and ripened steadily, until it may be said to-day, with no disparagement to other colleges, that nowhere can a better education be obtained than at Harvard. There are young men there of every form of religious faith, and many who have no faith. There are scoffers. Perhaps there are blasphemers. There are also earnest, noble, consecrated Christian men, and many souls seeking a light of truth which they have not yet found. You will meet in the college what you will meet in the world. You will have to choose what you will be, as you will have to choose all your life. You will find all the help which Christian friends and Christian services can give to a young man whose real reliance must be on God and his own soul."

What was true thirteen years ago is true to-day. Harvard men, as a rule, profess little, hate the appearance of sham or cant, but are candid, open-minded, honest, and manly, and stand by the motto of the University—*Veritas*.

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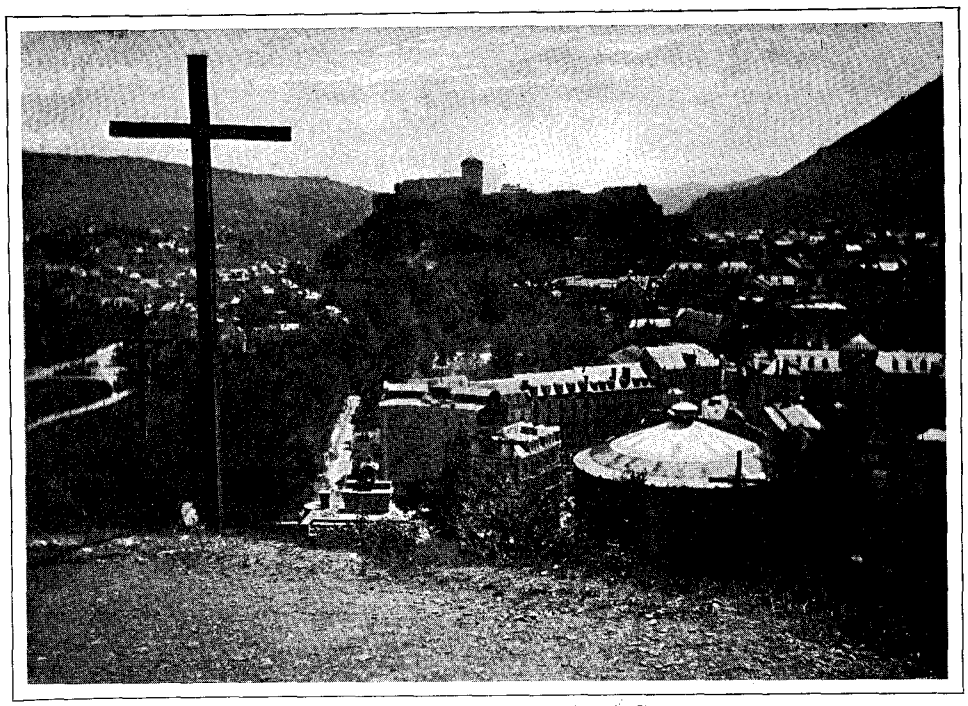

LOURDES, FROM THE CALVARY

A Town of Modern Miracles

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author

ON one side of a narrow valley among the foot-hills of the Pyrenees in southern France rises a great ragged precipice. It faces to the north and the sunshine never warms it, and its shadow serves to deepen the natural gloom of a narrow cavern that reaches back into the base of the cliff. Fifty years ago the herders from the town of Lourdes, not far distant, fed their pigs here on the banks of the swift mountain river Gave, which hurries noisily through the ravine; and when a sudden shower caught the herders unawares, they drove the swine to the cave and crouched in its shelter to wait till the rain passed.

The aspect of the place has altered since then. It would be sacrilege now to put the cavern to such plebeian uses, for in 1858 a little shepherdess, Bernadette Soubirous, had a series of visions at this spot, the fame of which has served to make Lourdes one of the most notable places of pilgrimage in the world.

In feudal days the town had a fame of another sort. Its castle, perched then as now on a lofty and almost inaccessible rock where seven valleys meet, was the key of all the mountain district lying to the south, and Lourdes was the scene of many a fierce combat and long siege in the old wars with the English. But changes in the methods of warfare, and especially the advent of railroads, made the town and the ancient castle no longer of consequence. The currents of life flowed in other channels, and this region of big hills and rough ridges became one of quiet and stagnation.

When Bernadette was born, in 1844, Lourdes was apparently destined to an existence of unending commonplace. The inhabitants were pious, law-abiding, and contented, but at the same time were ignorant and unenterprising. Most of Bernadette's childhood was spent a few miles from Lourdes at Bartres, in the home of a foster-mother. Bartres was a

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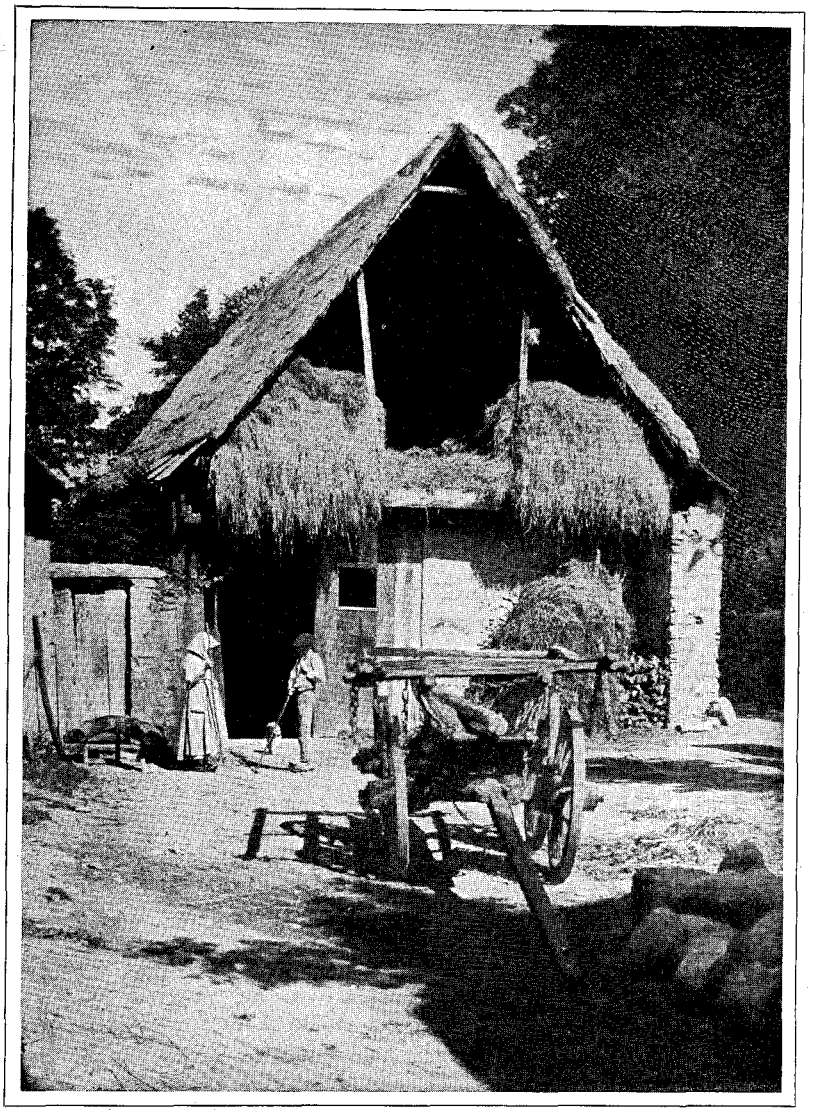

A TYPICAL BARN IN THE LOURDES COUNTRY

little village of four hundred inhabitants, very secluded and far from any frequented highway. Its few houses and small church reposed in a green hollow with wooded slopes about, and a clear rivulet went always singing through the lowlands. The house of Bernadette's foster-mother stood solitary at the end of the village. It was like that of any ordinary peasant, low and damp, with floors of flagstones and a roof of thatch.

As soon as Bernadette was large enough, she was put to tending sheep, and, season after season, she spent her days watching her flock on the lonely hillsides. She was very thin, and always suffering from a nervous asthma, which stifled her in bad weather. At the age of eleven she could neither read nor write, and was infantile and backward. She had great trouble in learning her rosary, but, once acquired, she repeated it all day long, as she followed her grazing sheep.

Her foster-mother had a brother who was a priest. He occasionally visited the family, and in the winter evenings, by the blaze of the home fire, he sometimes read marvelous stories to the household—stories of saints, angels, and heroes, of prodigious adventures, and of all kinds of

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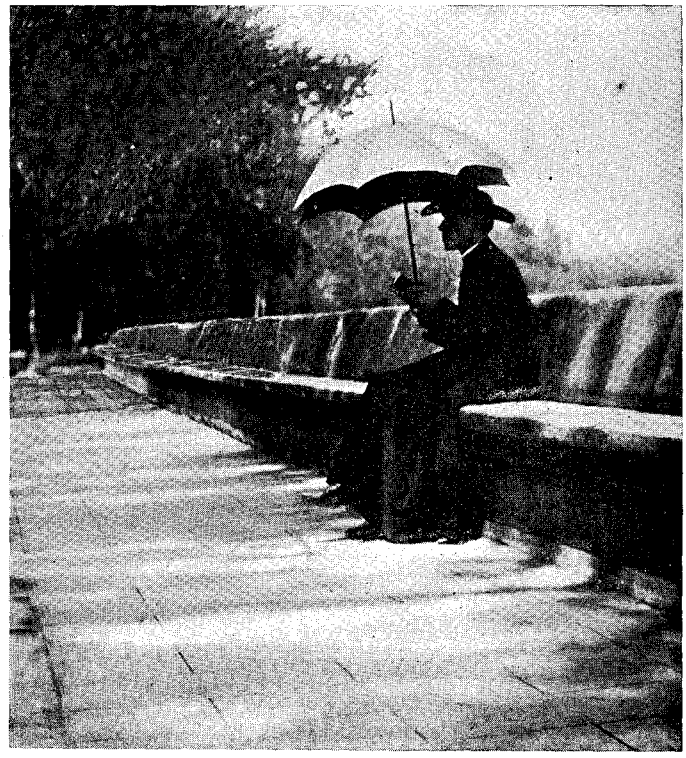
strange and supernatural events. The books from which the priest read had pictures in them, and at these Bernadette was fond of looking. They were mostly of a religious nature—God enthroned in all his glory, scenes from the life of Christ, and representations of the Virgin Mary. But the book read most of all in that Bartres home was the Bible. Bernadette's foster-father, the only member of the household who knew how to read, had an old copy that had been in the family over one hundred years, and it was yellow and grimy with time and use. Every evening he would take a pin, pass it at random between the leaves, open the book where the pin had chanced to enter, and begin reading at the top of the right-hand page.

The inhabitants of the region were all simple-minded and superstitious, and Bernadette was like the rest. The whole countryside was peopled with mysteries—with trees which sang, stones from which blood flowed, and crossroads where, if you failed to pray promptly, a seven-horned beast was likely to appear and carry you off to perdition. Bernadette's especial terror was a certain tower of the vicinity, which she never would pass after sundown because it was said to be haunted by the fiend.

When Bernadette was nearly fourteen, she began to plan for her first communion, and applied herself to learning her catechism at the church. She never had received any schooling, and her progress was so slow that her parents at Lourdes were displeased and took her home with them, that she might continue her studies with more diligence. The Soubirous family were very poor, and lived in one of the humblest and narrowest streets of the town. They had a single room on the ground floor at the end of a dark passage, and here dwelt father, mother, and five children. In that wretched, gloomy room they did their housework, ate, and slept.

Bernadette had been in Lourdes only two or three weeks when, one chilly February morning, the mother told her to go down to the borders of the Gave and pick up some wood that she might have fuel with which to cook the dinner. A younger sister and a girl from one of the neighbors accompanied Bernadette, and the three together, hugging their ragged wraps about them to keep out the cold, went down to the stream. They had been there after wood too often to find it plentiful, but they gradually filled their arms with fragments until, following along the banks, they came to the great rocks, a half-mile from the village, rising somberly almost from the verge of the stream.

It was now noon, and the Angelus rang from the parish church. At its sound



PRIEST READING HIS BREVIARY

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Bernadette, who had lagged behind the other girls, felt a great agitation within her, and her ears were filled with such a tempestuous roar that she fancied a hurricane had descended from the mountains and was about to overwhelm her. But the trees were motionless and the air quiet. Then she glanced toward the rocks, and was half blinded by a great light which gathered against the side of a cliff, where an aperture like a rude oval window sank into the crag just above the gloomy mouth of a cavern, running back a rod or two under the base of the precipice. Bernadette fell on her knees in her fright, but kept her eyes on the niche above the cavern. Little by little in the light she discerned a white form, and she trembled lest this figure should be the devil. To protect herself against the possible evil nature of the apparition, she began to tell her beads, and then the light slowly faded and she hastened to rejoin her companions.

To her surprise, they had observed nothing unusual, and when her interrogations aroused their curiosity and they began in turn to question her, she was confused and troubled and did not reply. But as they walked back to the village with their arms full of broken sticks, the questioning continued, and at length she said she had seen something white. That was interesting, and her companions on reaching home repeated the tale to their intimates, and it soon ran through the neighborhood.

Bernadette's father and mother were much displeased with this childish nonsense, as they called it, and told her to keep away from the rocks by the Gave in future. However, the curiosity of the townsfolk was such that, come Sunday, nothing would do but the girl must go to the spot again, armed with a bottle of holy water, to ascertain whether or no it was the devil she had to deal with. Just as before, she saw the dazzling light, and in the light the figure, which this time became more clearly defined, smiled on her, and showed no fear of the holy water.

As soon as the figure vanished, the townspeople crowded around Bernadette, eager to learn what it was she had seen. At first she replied hesitatingly and vaguely, but when she was pressed she said the figure was that of a lady, and she wore a long veil which covered her head and fell to her feet. Her robe was of the purest white, her sash blue like the sky, and on each of her bare feet bloomed a golden rose.

The following Thursday Bernadette went for the third time to the riverside, and on this occasion the radiant figure requested that she should come there every noon for fifteen days. Friday and Saturday the Lady bowed and smiled, but did not speak. On Sunday, however, she wept and said to Bernadette, "Pray for sinners."

Monday she failed to appear, but Tuesday she again shone forth from the dark niche above the grotto, and confided to Bernadette a secret which concerned the girl alone and which she was commanded never to divulge. On that day, too, the Lady said, "Go tell the priests they must build a chapel here."

Wednesday the Lady frequently murmured the word, "Penitence, penitence!" and the child repeated the word after her, kissing the earth.

Thursday the Lady said, "Go and drink and wash at the spring, and eat of the grass that is beside it."

This command Bernadette did not understand, for she knew of no spring near. But when she searched and went within the cavern, a cold fountain of water began to bubble forth from the rock at the touch of her hand. The Lady again failed to appear on Friday, but was shining in the usual place on the six days following. She repeated her commands, and Bernadette humbly listened and told her beads, and each time, when the apparition vanished, kissed the earth, and on her knees sought the spring in the grotto, there to drink and wash. On the last of these six days the Lady requested more pressingly than before that a chapel might be built, and she promised that multitudes would resort to it from all nations. It was three weeks later that the apparition next shone from the cavity above the grotto. This time the Lady clasped her hands, turned her eyes toward heaven, and said, "I am the Immaculate Conception."

Twice more she appeared at somewhat long intervals, the final time being July 16, when she bade Bernadette farewell.

This series of apparitions, eighteen in all, caused intense excitement at Lourdes from their very beginning. Every one was

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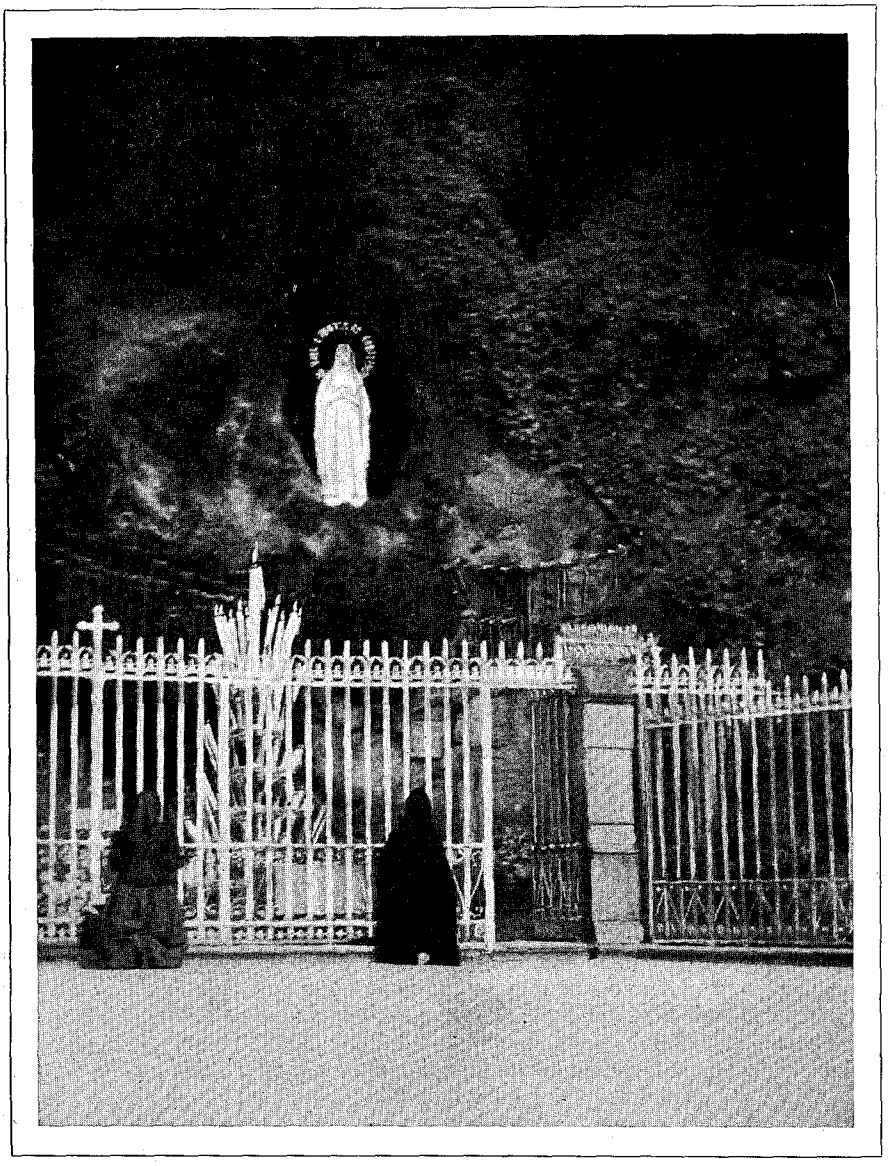
curious to set eyes on the scene of the mystery, and at times many thousands were looking on while the little shepherdess, kneeling before the dark precipice, saw that glorified figure. The multitude beheld only Bernadette's ecstasy. reality or not. Some believed and some doubted. All sorts of stories were in circulation. It was remembered that a shepherd had spoken of that very cliff and prophesied that great things would take place there. On the other hand, an



BEFORE THE GROTTO

For them there was no light, no figure, no sound of voice. They turned their eyes toward the shadowed crag, and, so far as they could discern, it was the same that it always had been; and then they looked at the rapt countenance of the girl, and they could not agree whether her vision was a old woman of Lourdes said that she had seen a toad's foot in Bernadette's eye, and that she was simply a witch.

When the miraculous spring appeared in the cavern, many drank of the water, and certain ones who had been grievously sick announced themselves cured through

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its agency. From that time forth the common people had no question but that the Blessed Virgin, in compassion for suffering humanity, had come to earth there at Lourdes and given the vicinity of the grotto with its spring supernatural powers to heal. Bernadette had an almost wholly sympathetic audience in her later visions. To the assembled onlookers she was a saint, and they kissed her garments. When she knelt before the grotto with a lighted taper in her right hand and her rosary in her left, the crowd broke into sobs, and a frenzy of lamentations and prayer arose.

At first it was the populace only that accepted the truth of Bernadette's visions. The clergy held aloof for months, while the civil authorities made every effort to put down the excitement by force. To the officials, Bernadette was either a liar or a lunatic, and they threatened her with imprisonment. The Commissary of Police had her before him as soon as the story of her early visions began to attract general attention, and he did his best to catch her tripping, but her story never varied. Afterward she had to appear before the judge of a local tribunal, who endeavored in vain to wring a retraction from the child. Finally two doctors examined her, and pronounced her case one of nervous trouble and diseased imagination. On the strength of this the authorities would have sent her to a hospital, but they feared the public exasperation.

Things grew worse instead of better, and at last the Prefect had the approaches to the grotto occupied by the military. The cave had been decorated with vases of flowers; money and various trinkets had been thrown into it; and some quarrymen, inspired by the contagious religious enthusiasm, had, without remuneration, cut a reservoir to receive the miraculous water, and had cleared a path under the hillside. The Prefect felt that the time had come to take decided action and root out the whole superstition. He would remove the offerings from the grotto and build a palisade across the front to keep the deluded mobs away. It took him half a day to find any one willing to let him have a cart on which to carry off the accumulation of offerings. Two hours later the person of whom he hired the cart fell from a loft and was seriously injured, while the next day a man who lent him an ax had one of his feet crushed by the fall of a block of stone. The Lord was plainly on the side of the people; but, for some reason or other, the Commissary escaped unscathed. Amid jeers and hisses he took away the pots of flowers, the tapers that were burning, and the bits of money and the silver hearts which lay on the sand.

Then the palisades were put up; but the people, hungering for healing, found ways to pass the guards and to get over or through the palings, and the prohibition of the authorities only aroused anger and spread the fame of the place wider. The names of trespassers were taken, and soon a woeful procession of the lame and sick came before the Justice of the Peace to answer for their defiance of the law. It seemed to them that the officials had no pity for human wretchedness. One day a whole band of poverty-stricken and ailing folk went to the Mayor, knelt in his courtyard, and implored him with sobs to allow the grotto to be reopened. A mother held out toward him her child, barely alive—would he let the little one die in her arms, when there was a spring so near which had saved the children of other mothers? A blind man called attention to his eyes; and there were others who showed unsightly sores, maimed arms, crippled legs. But the Mayor was unable to promise anything, and the crowd withdrew weeping and rebellious.

The struggle went on for nearly half a year, and the people grew more and more restive. It was rumored that whole villages intended to come down from the hills and "deliver God," as they termed it. The parish priest at the time of the visions did not hesitate to express his skepticism of their genuineness, and he and the rest of the clergy of the region ignored the whole affair as long as they could; but in the end they succumbed to the popular will and gave their sanction to the truth of all that the people believed. Then the civil authorities retracted, the palisades were removed, and everybody was allowed free access to the grotto. Immediately afterward the land was purchased by the Bishop of the district, and the Church began its work at Lourdes. As miracles multiplied and money flowed in more and more from all parts of Christendom, the scope of the

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work enlarged, until to-day the property at Lourdes is strikingly imposing and immensely profitable.

On ordinary occasions I think the first thing the visitor to Lourdes remarks is the vast concourse of hotel omnibuses in waiting at the station. A tenth of the number would have sufficed for all the business there was doing the day of my arrival; but if I had come at the time of one of the great pilgrimages, every vehicle would have had its load, and even then the crowd would not have begun to be accommodated.

The scenery amid which the town is placed is wild and impressive. Everywhere are big hills that roll and tumble and sometimes lift into stony mountain heights, while in the far south can be seen the white-peaked Pyrenees marking the dividing line between France and Spain. On a rugged steep rising out of the midst of the Lourdes valley sits the old castle, looking down from its rocky eyrie with a fine sense of watchfulness and impregnability. In the depths below is the river Gave, always foaming and hurrying along its tortuous course, and beside the stream at its more accessible points you are sure to see groups of women busy with their washing. They prefer the early morning hours for the work, but even in the heat of midday some of them are still there scrubbing away on their knees at the edge of the torrent. When a woman finishes her task, she packs up the wet clothes in a basket which she carries off home poised on her head. That seemed to be the common method of carrying heavy burdens in Lourdes.

Close under the castle crag stands the gray old parish church on the borders of the market-place, whence the crooked, narrow ways of the old town go straggling off in all directions. The life of the town appeared sleepy and ancient. Houses were humble, methods of work antiquated, and heavy outdoor tasks fell to the lot of the women to a degree unusual even in France. I noticed, for instance, two of the women following after a heavy municipal garbage-cart and shoveling into it the heaps of street refuse.

Immediately outside the old town to the east is open farming country. When I went for a long walk in that direction one morning, I found the peasantry busy cutting the grass with their broad-bladed scythes and spreading that which had lain in swaths or tumbles since the day before. Others were working in the fields of Indian corn. Corn-fields were common in many sections of the south of France, and they had such an American flavor that they made me homesick. But there was nothing American about the farm-folk who labored in them. There at Lourdes the men looked like Spaniards, and the sunburned women with colored kerchiefs over their heads might have been Italians. In cultivating between the rows of corn a plow was used that was about as aboriginal an instrument as could be devised. A pointed spade took the place of a plowshare, and this was attached to the lesser branch of a heavy crotched stick, while the longer branch served as a neap. The plow was usually drawn by a yoke of little cows, and it was a very common habit in that part of the country to make cows do all the work that generally falls to the lot of oxen. I suppose the farmers think it economical to have workers and milkers combined in one animal, but it must tell on the milk, both in quantity and quality. Except for the labor exacted from them, the cows seemed to be treated with consideration, and they had light blankets on their backs, and fringes of string were draped across their faces to keep the flies from their eyes. Sometimes, when attached to carts in the hay-fields, the cows were further protected from insect pests and from the glare of the sun by a forkful of hay placed on their heads.

An interesting peculiarity of the roadside homes was the custom of building the barns with one gable open, so that there was no occasion to drive inside with loads of hay or grain. Everything could be pitched in from without; and if the building was judiciously placed, so that the opening faced away from the prevailing winds and storms, the arrangement was not a bad one, even if the barn did look half-finished. I doubt, however, if an open gable would do in New England. Our prevailing storms come from too many different directions.

On all the roads around Lourdes are frequent tall wooden crosses, and you see other crosses on the adjacent mountain-tops, but they are most numerous on a steep, rocky hill that rises just outside the

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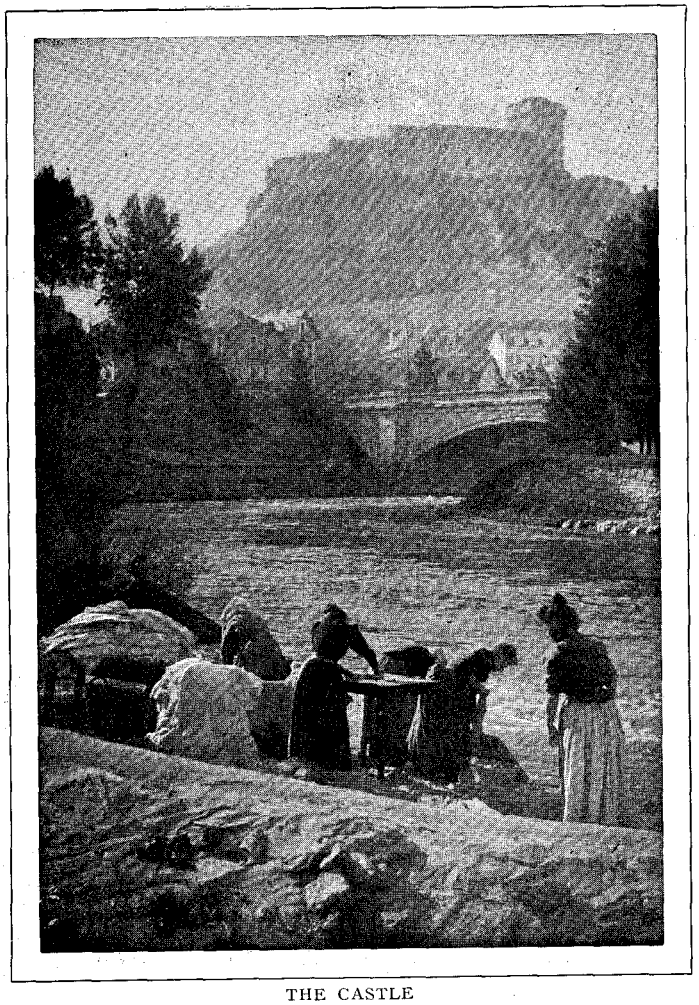

THE CASTLE

town. This hill is known as a Calvary, and the path which climbs with short turns up its incline has a cross at every angle until you reach the summit, where there is one greater than any of the others, bearing a figure of Christ.

From the Calvary the view commands all the region around. On a hill across the valley stands the castle, with old Lourdes lying at the foot of its guardian cliff. Lower and nearer is new Lourdes, full of big hotels and lodging-houses, rows and rows of souvenir shops, and, a little more retiring, convents, hospitals, and other buildings of a religious nature. In front of the new town is a long esplanade or public park, laid out beside the Gave, with lawns, walks, trees, and statues, and at its far end are the three churches of Our Lady built by the contributions of the faithful. The churches make an odd group; for they are not three distinct buildings, but are imposed one above another. The lowest is the Church of the Rosary, its form that of a heavy, squat dome; the next is the Crypt, cut in the solid rock; and finally, above all, rises the Basilica, with its slender and very lofty spire. Colossal gradient ways, one on either side, reach down from the upper church in the shape of a horseshoe to the level of the esplanade. They make the Basilica look like some great creature of stone with long fore legs extended and holding the lower church in their grasp.

Under the cliff on which stands the Basilica is the grotto. To reach it you pass beneath one of the arches of the gradient way, walk a short distance along a fine tree-lined avenue skirting the Gave, and there it is before you—a low, wedge-shaped aperture no larger than a room in an ordinary dwelling-house.

What catches the eye first is a statue of the Virgin in a dark niche above the cavern—a white figure with a blue scarf, and on her feet golden roses, exactly as the apparition has been described by Bernadette. Next you observe that under the roof of the cavern is hung a vast array of crutches and body supports of all kinds; and the people to whom these belonged have come here cripples and gone away restored and sound. The whole space before the grotto is smoothly paved, and the river's bed has been pushed back from its old course so that there is room for the gathering of a great number of people. A high iron fence has been put up across the front of the grotto, with an opening at

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one side for entrance and one at the other side for exit. The interior contains a few chairs, a small altar, and an organ, so that it has the look of a miniature underground chapel; but its most noticeable feature is its scores of lighted candles. They are of all sizes, up to monsters seven or eight inches through and six feet high. Tapers of this caliber cost ten dollars or more, and burn for a month; but there are candles to suit all purses, and you can get very little ones, that will burn three hours, for a penny.

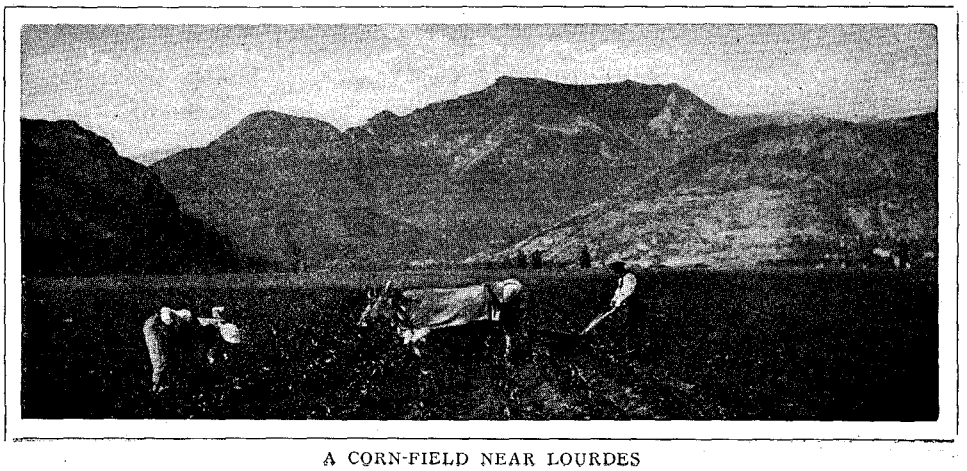
The heat of the wavering flames keeps the tallow dripping, and the tilt of the candles and the wind make the grease trickling from the tops of the tapers cool in fantastic shreds. The grotto would overflow with tallow after a time if the drippings were not cleaned up and carted off. A man in an apron had charge of this work, and he kept an old broom and an iron scraper handy for the purpose just back of the entrance gate.

As I glanced about the grotto I observed that the wall in one place looked like polished black marble. This smooth, shining patch was just beneath the cavity where the Virgin appeared, and the secret of its polish was that there the pilgrims rub the chaplets and the medals they wish to consecrate, and there millions of lips have kissed the cold, grimy rock.

Another curious thing which one cannot help remarking is a recess in one corner of the cave half full of letters deposited there or thrown through the grotto railing by devotees who have some request to make of the Lady of Lourdes. There is nothing for which they do not ask—health, prosperity, triumph in a lawsuit, that a marriage may be effected or an enemy be brought to grief. Some are angry in tone, and upbraid the Virgin for not granting the writers' prayers. The letters are opened by the priests, who take charge of any money or stamps they may contain and then leave them in the recess to get such answer as they may from the Blessed Virgin.

Nothing is to be seen of the miraculous spring. It is in the floor of the grotto, covered with an iron door, and the water from it is conducted by pipes to faucets outside, and to the baths in a low line of buildings under the cliff near by. The flow is usually small, and a cistern has been made in which the water collects during the night. Otherwise the supply would sometimes fall short. After copious rainfalls the spring acts just as other springs would—increases in volume, and occasionally it bursts bounds and floods the grotto floor. The water is very cold, and I found it excellent to drink on a hot day, but it gave me the chills to think of bathing in it. Even the Fathers of the Grotto admit that to certain patients the sudden shock of cold is dangerous, and they either refuse the baths to such or warn them that they bathe at their own risk.

I saw no marvelous manifestation while I was at Lourdes, yet the scene before the grotto was nevertheless one which appealed strongly to the imagination. The spot was very quiet. It was away from all the noises of the town, and the people



A CORN-FIELD NEAR LOURDES

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who gathered there were for the most part silent, reverential, and intensely in earnest. They drank of the water, many washed their hands, and some pulled up their sleeves and bathed their arms with the flow from this fount of life. Often they filled bottles or cans to carry home with them for their own further use or for the cure of relatives and friends.

Immediately in front of the grotto were several rows of settees, and for the devotees this was the favorite gathering-place, though some liked better the dusk of the grotto interior, and others sat afar off on a continuous seat which was part of a parapet skirting the Gave.

Among the most constant of the concourse before the cavern during my stay was a priest and his old mother, in whom I took a special interest, because they had arrived at Lourdes in the train which brought me, traveling in my apartment. The priest had a dreadful hacking cough, and it was for his welfare, not the old mother's, that they had come. He was a cold, hard-featured man, but he looked gritty, and was plainly determined to fight his ill health to the bitter end—and how the mother loved him! Every time the cough caught in his throat the tears came to the old woman's weak eyes, and she bowed forward and looked at the Virgin in heartfelt supplication. So they sat hour after hour, he in the black robes of his order, she in the black garments of an old woman, thinking, hoping, praying.

Some of the worshipers fell on their knees to beseech the intervention of Heaven in behalf of themselves or their loved ones. Usually they knelt far up in front, sometimes grasping the bars of the fence before the grotto, sometimes a little further back, with arms extended and eyes on the mute marble figure in the rock above. Once in a while there were those who humbled themselves to a still greater degree, and bowed down and kissed the paving. The people were of all sorts, those ill in body and those ill in mind; and some who came had no trouble other than the feebleness of old age.

Once, while I sat looking on, a young man of the bourgeois class, accompanied by his wife and little girl, approached the grotto. The mother with some difficulty induced the little one to curtsey to the statue of the Virgin, then left her in the care of the father while she went to kneel near the entrance to the grotto. The child toddled about for a few moments, and then in some way tripped and fell so that her head struck the paving with a good deal of violence. She broke into a loud wail of pain and fright; the mother jumped to her feet and ran to the spot, the father caught up the little girl in his arms, and every one in the audience was in a tremor of regret and sympathy. At once humanity was full of compassion and every heart was stirred; but the white figure and the grotto, with all their supernatural powers of healing, were untouched and gave no sign. A great bump rose on the child's forehead, and the parents kissed her and tried to comfort her, and they let the water of the fountain flow on the hurt, and then they laid on wet handkerchiefs and went away. The child's sobs grew faint in the distance, and quiet again brooded over the place. There stood the white figure in its niche; there was the dark grotto under the high, vine-draped cliff; the little flames were eating down into the tallow on the candle-tips, the water tinkled from the brass faucets, the leaves rustled on the great trees, and wavering shadows contested with the burning sunshine on the stone paving. A human atom had been hurt, but there was no visible indication that it made a particle of difference to either deity or nature.

That marvelous cures are made at Lourdes is beyond question, but that these are due to the miraculous power of the place and not primarily to some wholly natural mental or physical change in the persons cured is not so clear. Every one to be treated in the baths comes provided with a certificate from a doctor, sometimes from several doctors. If a cure takes place, the cured one goes to the verification office not far from the baths, the certificate is examined, and the patient's past condition compared with the present to see if the benefit is real. But was the patient's doctor correct in his diagnosis, is the cure permanent, and is there any assurance that the Lourdes examiners are infallible or even disinterested?

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THE FIRST JUDAS[1]

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

Author of "Titus," "Stephen," "Paul," "The Cross Triumphant," etc.

WHEN the new moon hung in the sky and all Jerusalem feasted, Chomet was wont to tear from among his rags a narrow strip which he knotted to his girdle. He did this quite in secret, and for reasons which perhaps he could not himself have told; but this much he knew—every faded shred represented a month of misery added to his dreary and hopeless life.

Sometimes, as he lay upon his mat in the crowded and filthy hut which afforded him shelter from the night in common with a score of other beggars, he would stealthily count the knots. There were now more than four hundred of them, and the girdle would afford space for only one—or at most two—more.

Chomet had believed vaguely for many a year that when his girdle was quite filled with these tokens of worn-out moons something strange and wonderful would befall him. Of late this slow-approaching event appeared to him in the guise of a release from the bed whereon he lay, increasingly wretched and helpless as the months rolled by. Thrice in one moon had he dreamed of walking—yes, running, light and active as the half-naked children who swarmed like insects in the crowded streets hard by the Sheep Market. In this dream he beheld a great pool of water, blood-red, into which he plunged headlong, awaking with a shuddering shriek to find himself motionless, withered, a ghastly thing, death-bound yet horribly alive.

Chomet was able, by means of his hands and arms, which were abnormally powerful, to drag this hateful and motionless bulk from place to place, albeit with the sluggish and difficult motions of the snail. Hence his name, Chomet—the snail. He knew no other. Each hopeless morning he would bind upon his back the filthy mat upon which he slept, and set forth on his tortuous way through the narrow streets.

Begging was now a poor business in Jerusalem. The competition had waxed too fierce for large individual profits; also, there were ailments and deformities far more picturesque and convincing to the careless passer-by than was mere paralysis. As Chomet lay unnoticed upon his mat, he came to look with particular rancor upon a certain blind man, who wore a scarlet rag bound about his head, and from whose girdle depended a score of brass cups upon which he clinked a musical accompaniment to his long-drawn, dolorous cries for alms.

One day Chomet came upon a camel-whip, dropped in the dust of the street by some careless driver. He hid it in his bosom with a cry of joy. Later, when the blind beggar passed, feeling his cautious way with his trusty staff, he fell headlong upon the stones at the withered feet of the paralytic. The blind man arose, spitting out vile imprecations with the filth of the highway; but Chomet lay quite still and quiet upon his rug, the wicked braid of thongs hid once more in his bosom.

As it chanced, the blind beggar crossed his path no more. But there were others to hate, and Chomet hated them with all his heart.

During Passover week he dreamed again and yet again of walking, erect, free, and at ease. This time he told his vision to Sechu, the Egyptian astrologer, who drove his mystic trade hard by the Gate of Flocks. Sechu exacted from Chomet three farthings, the whole of his gains for the day, and, having bestowed them in his own weightier pouch, he told him the meaning of the dream.

"The interpretation thereof is clear as the sun at noonday," declared Sechu, after he had muttered many strange sayings in an unknown tongue. "The blood-red pool of the vision is no other than the Pool of Mercy, distant not a stone's throw from this gate. Thither must thou go, and plunge into its waters at the moment when the angel of the fountain shall descend. So shalt thou be healed, and walk and run as thou hast dreamed."

[1] John v., 1-17.

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The beggar tore at his hair and beard in a fury. "Shall I lie on the stones of the street to-night, and hug the hunger-wolf to my breast because of this lie?" he cried. "Who knows better than thou, dog of an Egyptian, that for a score of years I have waited in the porch of Bethesda and without profit! Give me back my money, or I will curse thee!"

"Hast thou also bathed in its waters, as I have said?" inquired the astrologer, smoothly; "if thou hast not, why callest thou me a liar? Get thee hence, swine of a Jew, and obey a favorite of Osiris; so shalt thou walk—ay, and run!" With that he seized his staff and shook it threateningly in the face of the paralytic.

Chomet lifted his lean arms to heaven and cursed the astrologer by the Temple, and by Moses, and by all the prophets. He also pronounced upon him the great Anathema, swearing it by the five books of the Law and by the seven-branched candlestick of the Holy Place, than which there is no curse more terrible.

Then he dragged himself painfully away to a certain noisome hole under a black archway and hugged the hunger-wolf to his breast all night. He slept fitfully, and dreamed again and again of the blood-red, bubbling pool, and of himself, mad with horror, running swiftly to escape something which pursued him from behind.

At daybreak he awoke, drenched with clammy sweat, after the most terrible vision of them all. "I ran—as the wind for swiftness," he muttered to himself, staring with lack-luster eyes at his withered feet, "as the wind; yet I could not escape. I plunged into the pool, and the pool was fire!"

Nevertheless, because he was accustomed to the place, and because in truth he had nowhere else to go, after a time he dragged himself toward the Porch of Mercy.

The Pool of Bethesda—called indifferently the Mercy Pool—was in reality nothing more nor less than a great cistern or reservoir, hewn in the limestone rock, and divided by a pier of masonry five feet in thickness. There were thus twin pools, one of which derived its supply of water from the yearly rains, while in the midst of the other an intermittent spring welled up, bubbling actively at undetermined periods, and again lying stagnant under the burning sky like a mirror of brass. At such times the water in this half of the reservoir became tinged with a curious dusky red.

Many theories were advanced to account for these facts, both among the wise and learned of the time and among the vast herd of the unlearned and superstitious. "The pool," declared certain of the rabbis, "was connected by a secret, subterranean conduit with the great altar of Sacrifice in the Temple; thus, after the numerous offerings at feast times, when the altar was drenched again and again with blood and water, this conduit belched forth its sacred contents into the midst of the Mercy Pool, purifying and enduing it with miraculous power, insomuch that whoever first stepped into its flood at this favored moment was instantly healed of whatever disease tormented his body."

But the story oftenest told, and believed, by the unhappy multitude of the afflicted who frequented the five great porticoes, was that of a beneficent angel, who descended at times to bathe in the waters, which leaped up bubbling with ecstasy at touch of his heavenly wings and garments.

Once in ages past—so ran the legend—a learned rabbi named Aziel was sitting at the verge of this pool contemplating its waters, which even in those far-off days were possessed of marvelous healing power. As Aziel was thus engaged in prayer and holy meditation, the angel of the fountain appeared to him and told him that a foul demon had taken forcible possession of the pool, with the intent to work great mischiefs among the people of Jerusalem.

"Go thou," said the angel, "gather all the strong men of the city and fetch them hither. Let them be armed with staves of the white oak and with iron flails, and let them beat the water till it becomes red with blood. So shall the evil one be destroyed, and I, even I, the spirit of healing, will descend to it as before."

The people obeyed the voice of the rabbi and beat the waters of the pool diligently, from morning until evening, with staves of the white oak and with iron flails. And, lo, when the sun was setting the waters became red like blood! So was the demon slain, and the angel descended ever more to sanctify the pool.

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Chomet knew the story well; more times than he could count had he dragged himself to the Porch of Mercy and waited for that strange moving of the waters. But never—though he had begged and threatened and prayed the unheeding throng about him—had he been suffered to so much as dip his finger into the pool at the favored instant.

Always there was a frenzied rush and cry when the mysterious bubbling took place. More than once sandaled feet had trampled mercilessly upon his shriveled body as he lay at the verge of the pool. On one occasion he had been actually pushed into the water by the struggling crowd—but not first. He was dragged out, choking and half strangled, by one of the Temple police who guarded the place, in time to hear the loud cries of rejoicing with which a lame man celebrated his restoration.

"Is there no one who will help me to the water?" he cried aloud, beating upon his lean breast in a frenzy. "Sons of Abraham! chosen of Jehovah! have pity on one stricken for the space of eight and thirty years! Hear me, Israelites, while I swear that I am the bondservant of the man who liberates me from this chain!"

And on this wise he besought the multitude day after day. But his entreaties fell upon unheeding ears. The air was already dissonant with strident clamor; cries of anguish, of fear, of dying, rose ever in a mighty wail to the unanswering heavens. Chomet continued to add his dismal note to this pæan of misery, hoping for nothing; for hope and love lay dead in his soul these many years. But hate lived on.

On this day Chomet lay on his mat beneath the portico, which was already crowded to suffocation, for it was confidently expected that the water, long stagnant, would be troubled. He had not been able to force his way near the pool, but lay close to the streetward side with closed eyes, sending forth his hopeless supplications. "For eight and thirty years, good masters," he shrilled; "for eight and thirty years life and death alike have passed me by! Put me in the water once—only once! For the love of heaven, ye who have feet, behold me with compassion!"

A young man who was walking swiftly through the street of Bethesda paused at sound of this cry. Then he crossed the narrow space where the hot sunshine lay, and paused again in the shadow of the Porch of Mercy. He could have touched the livid, unseeing face of Chomet; the withered feet and limbs of the paralytic lay bare and repulsive in the strong morning light. The young man gazed at this horrible figure of despair long and earnestly, and as he looked tears filled his large eyes. He stooped and touched the beggar lightly upon the breast. "Wilt thou be made whole?" he asked.

Chomet opened his bleared eyes and stared dully at his questioner. Then, perceiving that the stranger was both young and strong, he made answer: "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but when I am coming, another steps down before me."

"Rise, take thy bed, and walk!"

It was again the vision, thought Chomet confusedly, for he was now standing upon his feet; his limbs moved freely. Assuredly it was the vision! Mechanically he stooped and took up the mat upon which he had lain. The man had bidden him do this. Never before had he dreamed of a man, but only of the pool. A man? There was no man. He stared stupidly about him for an instant, then walked slowly away, his bed hugged close to his breast.

After a time he walked faster, he did not notice whither; a delirium of joy came gradually to possess him. He gave vent to strange, inarticulate cries, and walked faster and ever faster. Here was a broad street leading upward to a beautiful and stately building—vast, magnificent, its peaks and pinacles gleaming with white and gold like sun-smitten mountain crests. He knew it—it was the Temple. Well, he would go there. Never before, even in a dream, had he visited the Temple since the half-forgotten days of his boyhood. A great longing came upon him to hear once more the blare of silver trumpets and the long-drawn, swinging chant of the Levites, assembled in snowy mazes upon the Steps of Degrees.

Other men were going there also, men with long robes and solemn faces, walking slowly; some also were coming away. Chomet brushed past them impatiently;

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why crawl like a snail when one may walk—aye, run like the wind!

He himself was running now; his light, strong limbs felt the ecstasy of the riven air like the wings of a bird. I am Arnon—the Swift!" he cried aloud, for he now remembered what his name had been in those long-ago days. "Arnon—Arnon—Arnon! Like a rushing river I run—I run!"

Three oaken staves placed squarely across his path brought the flying feet to a standstill. Chomet stared at them angrily. "Let me pass!" he cried, shaking his matted head from side to side. "I am going to the Temple!"

The bearers of the staves were stern-looking men with long beards. They wore fringed talliths of blue and white, and upon their foreheads were broad phylacteries made of black calfskin. They regarded Chomet with burning eyes of wrath. "This is the Sabbath day!" they said loudly. "It is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed."

Chomet looked stupidly down at the mat, which he still hugged close to his breast. Then he dropped it to the ground with a loud laugh, and flung his arms into the air, snapping his fingers and gesticulating like one drunk with new wine. "This is no dream!" he cried. "This bed is real! These stones are real! Ah—I am Arnon—once more Arnon the Swift—no longer the Snail! I am healed! Look you, good sirs, at my hands, hard as the hoofs of a goat! For eight and thirty years have I dragged myself about Jerusalem upon these hands, while other men walked—yes, walked and ran!"

"What has all this to do with carrying thy bed on the Sabbath day?"

"The bed?—the bed?" repeated Chomet, "what care I for the bed! I shall walk and run now, by night as well as by day! Sacred fire! I know not why I carried it, save that the man yonder—he that made me whole, the same said unto me, 'Take up thy bed, and walk.' *I*, that had crawled in the dust for eight and thirty years—Chomet, the Snail!"

The rabbis—for they were no other than law-abiding, learned, and righteous rabbis, who had arrested this garrulous trespasser of Sabbath sanctities—stared angrily, first at the man, then at his bed. His story might be true; strange things had happened in Jerusalem of late—things which accorded with neither Mishna nor Talmud.

"What man is that which said unto thee, 'Take up thy bed, and walk'?" they asked, with incisive emphasis.

Chomet shook his head. "I cannot tell who it was," he said, staring about him, still in a maze of wonder. "I lay in the porch of the Pool of Mercy, good sirs, waiting for the moving of the waters—not that I hoped to be healed; no, there was always a multitude before me. Look you, masters, at my girdle here! Every separate knot counts for a moon of helplessness, and some are worn thin with years. But what matters it; I am well now! I can walk—aye, more, I can run! Let me go, I pray thee, honored sirs; I am only Chomet, and poor and ragged and hungry, as you see."

Something of the beggar's whine had crept back into tone and gesture, as he cowered beneath the searching eyes of the rabbis. "Only a farthing I ask of you, worshipful masters, and may the blessings of Jehovah overtake you!"

"Tell us now who it was that bade thee carry thy bed on the Sabbath day," said the taller of the rabbis, glancing significantly at his companions, "and three pieces of silver shall be thine straightway."

Three pieces of silver! Never in all his life had Chomet possessed such a sum. And now also he could walk. Three pieces of silver! There were evil pleasures, forgotten for many a year, within his very grasp. "Honorable and worshipful masters," he said, spreading abroad his hands, his wary eyes shifting from face to face, "what would I not perform to serve you—and for three pieces of silver—ah! But, alas, I have told you the truth! I swear it by the soul of my father and by the fire of the great altar! The man did but touch me upon the breast—so." He laid a grimy forefinger upon the spotless tallith of one of the rabbis, who shook off the polluting touch with a shuddering execration.

Chomet, perceiving that he had offended, again abased himself to the dust. "The man touched me as I have said, honorable masters. 'Wilt thou be made whole?' he asked. "And I? I said to him, most truly, that there was no one to put me into

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the pool at the moment when the waters were troubled. I perceived that the man was both young and strong, and I thought—"

"Ha!—the very man!" exclaimed one of the rabbis. "Then what did he? Answer quickly, fellow!"

"He bade me take my bed and walk," muttered Chomet, spurning the mat with his foot. "I had forgotten the day, worshipful rabbis. Truly, I also have known the law; I am a Jew, and no Gentile. Even now I was going to the Temple. Did I not say it? The man bade me carry my bed, and I, not thinking at the moment of the law, my very good lords, obeyed him. Surely the sin is not of my doing!"

"No—no, 'tis none of thy doing," growled the rabbi, plucking angrily at his beard. "Thou art but a poor creature of the gutter, and cannot be expected to know the law, much less keep it. But look you, fellow, keep a close tongue in thy head concerning the matter, or thou wilt be the worse for it by a sound scourging. And hold"—for Chomet was slyly edging away from them with the manifest intention of escape. "Wouldst know the man again if thou shouldst come in his way?"

"That would I!" cried Chomet, fastening his evil eyes upon the speaker. "I would know him, ah yes, my honorable lord! I have excellent vision, Jehovah be praised, and I do not forget one who does me a bad turn! I have done little else but remember for eight and thirty years."

"Find the man. Learn his name. Then bring us word. Do this, and the three pieces of silver are thine—nay, it shall be made five pieces, if thou shalt accomplish the matter speedily."

A fierce light shone in the eyes of the beggar. "I will find him, never fear!" he cried, snapping his fingers. "And I will bring thee word—but where?"

"Ask for Simon, the Sanhedrite, of any of the Temple officers," answered the rabbi.

Then the three went their way, and Chomet stood still in the midst of the street and stared after them. "The law," he muttered, shaking his shaggy head from side to side with a low bellow of laughter. "The law! And so Chomet must keep the law! Ah—and five pieces of silver! I shall lead a merry life for a space!" He jumped into the air in an ecstasy of mirth and triumph; then, perceiving that others of the passers-by were regarding him with curiosity and displeasure, he slunk away toward the Temple, leaving the bed, upon which he had lain for eight and thirty years, on the stones of the street.

There were many worshipers in the Temple on this holy day; Chomet passed among them quite unnoticed, making his way through the Gate Beautiful into the crowd which had gathered in the spacious Court of the Women, quite up to the Steps of Degrees. The great bell of the Temple was booming out its solemn notes; silver trumpets called and answered one to the other like holy voices; a throng of white-robed Levites was emerging from the underground music-rooms to the right and left of the broad flight of steps, chanting in swinging rhythm the Psalms of the seventh day. Within the Court of Israel gorgeously appareled priests made ready the great altar for the Sabbath offering.

Chomet stared confusedly about him, the maze of his first wonder returning to cloud his brain. Was it indeed true that he was restored—that the hopeless dream of yesterday was a reality? He stretched out his calloused palms toward the altar with a rush of joyous emotion.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases!
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies!

The solemn words of the chant fell on his ear like a warning from heaven. Mechanically he bowed himself, joining with tremulous voice in the swelling Amen of the worshiping congregation.

Afterward, still moving as one in a dream, he found himself in the Court of the Gentiles. There were many people here also. In the shadow of the sacred wall beggars were plying their dismal trade. Chomet heard their strident voices bewailing their deformities. He glanced down at his own muscular limbs with pride. "*I* am well," he thought. Then on a sudden the animal within him awoke and cried aloud in the old fashion. He

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remembered that he was hungry, that he had no money, and also that, being restored, he could no longer hope for alms.

"They will tell me to work," he said within himself, shaking his great shoulders with a curse. "But no—I will not work. Nevertheless I will have money." His lawless eyes roved like wolves among the crowd of sleek, well-satisfied worshipers. "Ay—money and food—I will have them both!"

Again one touched him; this time upon the shoulder. He turned with a muttered malediction to look into the face of the man who stood at his side. This man was tall—as tall as Chomet, and his eyes looked straight into the restless, wicked eyes of the beggar, down—down into the raging depths of his soul.

"Behold, thou art made whole," said a voice, which he recognized on the instant: "sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

Only this, and the man was gone as before. Chomet rubbed his eyes stupidly; then he gave vent to a great cry. "Look you," he said, turning to a woman who stood near, counting the doves in a wicker basket; "tell me, who is the man that spoke to me?"

The woman looked up from her basket, and drew back without answering. "This fellow is perhaps demoniac," she said to a companion.

Chomet turned upon her with an unsavory oath, then rushed forward in pursuit of the tall figure which appeared and disappeared among the groups of people. "For the love of Jehovah!" he begged, pausing breathless beside the stall of a money-changer, "tell me the name of the man yonder! Quick—he stops now to speak to the woman with the blue veil, she who bears a child upon her shoulder! Dost thou not see?"

The money-changer shrugged his shoulders with a scowl. "Dost mean the tall man wearing the white robe?" he asked.

"Yes—yes!" cried Chomet. "Look you, now he stoops, and is laying his hand on the head of the child!"

The money-lender looked suspiciously at Chomet. "What is the man to thee?" he began. "Art thou also one of them? Ay, verily," he added, with a scornful laugh, "'tis such as thou who follow him. Last year at Passover time the fellow came hither, and with a scourge drove me from my stall. I lost a score of silver pieces in the rout. May the curses of Egypt light upon him!"

"The man is nothing to me!" cried Chomet, a fire of greed leaping up in his eyes. "I am bidden to find the knave and bring his name to Simon, the Sanhedrite."

The money-changer looked at him with new respect. "Thou art perchance a spy, disguised as a beggar," he said in a low voice. "But if it be so, thou art surely aware that the man yonder is Jesus of Nazareth."

"Jesus—Jesus!" repeated Chomet, eagerly. "That is the name? Art sure? Jesus—Jesus of Nazareth!"

"Verily," said the money-changer. "But where in Jerusalem hast thou kept thyself, not to know the man? He is a pestilent fellow, as I have said, an agitator of the people. He will come to no good end. I have already—"

But Chomet was gone.

Jerusalem, the holy city, was the shrine of the Temple, that colossal idol which the Jews had set up for worship, and which Jehovah already abhorred, as he abhorred the idols of the uncircumcised and unclean. Simon, the Sanhedrite, was a worshiper of the Temple; he was a zealous and rigid believer in the law of Moses; he also exalted some four hundred other precepts concerning lesser and least matters. To love God and his fellows had long ceased to be the rule of life with Simon. He adored his idols, the Temple and the Law, and he hated Jesus of Nazareth with all his heart and with all his mind and with all his strength.

When Chomet appeared before him, saying, "I have found the man!" he regarded him with stony eyes. What was it to him that this vile beggar had lain helpless for eight and thirty years, and that he had been bidden to rise in strength with a single word of power? He had been told to take up his bed on the *Sabbath day*. A heinous crime! An outrage! What was the miracle of healing that it should be mentioned save with condemnation!

"Hast thou found the man who bade thee carry thy bed on the Sabbath?" he demanded.

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"I have found him, most honorable lord," said Chomet, abasing himself before the rabbi.

"His name, fellow."

"His name is Jesus—Jesus of Nazareth."

"Canst thou swear to this?"

"Assuredly, my very good master; the man spoke to me a second time in the Temple. I knew his voice at once, also his face. I asked an honorable money-changer at his stall hard by who it was that spoke to me. Yes, my lord, Jesus was the name—Jesus of Nazareth."

"What said he to thee in the Temple?"

Chomet dropped his eyes. "He bade me sin no more, lest a worse calamity should befall me," he muttered, sullenly. "Now, what, I ask you, my good lord, shall I do to preserve myself from the evil eye?"

Simon frowned. "The man is himself chief of sinners," he said, loudly; "a Sabbath-breaker, in league with devils, a blasphemer. What will he do now! Depart in peace, and offer the sacrifice prescribed in the law, so shalt thou remain whole."

Chomet waved his hands deprecatingly. "'Tis what I would do, holy rabbi," he whined, "yet how shall one destitute, and deprived moreover of his livelihood, obtain the sacrifice? There was a little matter of five pieces of silver—ah, may Jehovah reward your munificence! Five—pieces—of silver—*ah!*"

"Get you gone, fellow. And look you, a close mouth is the price of a whole skin."

Chomet clinked the five pieces in his hardened palms—the palms on which he had dragged himself about Jerusalem for eight and thirty years. He laughed aloud as he listened to the unfamiliar music. "I shall find other uses for my tongue than to prate of these matters!" he cried with an oath. "Do not fear me, worshipful lord; I am Chomet. I have said it."

He went out, and it was night.

On the following day Jesus of Nazareth was brought before the Council on the double charge of Sabbath-breaking and blasphemy. He had said at the time of his arrest, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

"He shall die for that word," declared the keepers of Moses's law. And although they released him after a turbulent scene, it was even as a spider looses her prey into the midst of her web. From henceforth Jesus of Nazareth was a doomed man. Spies dogged his footsteps. The shadow of the cross fell athwart his pathway. He saw the ominous shape and knew it; yet accomplished the greater works of which he had spoken, in the peace of that eternal life which no man could take from him.

Two years passed. Again it was Passover time in Jerusalem. During these two years Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good. But Chomet—went about doing evil.

It had been appointed that these two were to meet again, and it happened on this wise. Chomet had been absent from Jerusalem on some marauding expedition among the hills. He returned to find the city emptying itself from the Jaffa Gate. Chomet climbed up into an olive-tree to spy out the matter. He saw at a glance the occasion of the excitement: there were Roman legionaries, marching in solid phalanx; in their midst staggered three figures bearing crosses upon their backs.

"A crucifixion!" muttered Chomet, snapping his fingers with a chuckle. He descended from his perch and stood for an instant irresolute. There would be excellent chances for plunder in the city, with half its householders agape outside the walls. On the other hand, many a plump wallet might be acquired in the multitude; also there would be fewer chances of discovery.

With the adroitness born of long practice, he pushed his way through the throng—nearer and nearer to the place of death. At this point the people were gathered in solid, impenetrable masses, insomuch that the armed guard which attended the condemned men was more than once forced to come to a standstill.

During one of these pauses Chomet sprang back just in time to escape the drawn sword of a legionary, and remained wedged immovable in the wall of bodies behind him. He could have touched the foremost of the condemned. This man drooped forward a little, as though from faintness or exhaustion; his garments were stiff with blood and filth, and he wore, driven down about his temples, a green wreath of the thorny acacia. He

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raised his eyes and fixed them full upon Chomet.

The beggar's seamed face grew livid. His lips formed a single word: "Jesus!"

Then the procession moved on, and the multitude closed in behind it with a burst of frenzied groans and execrations.

"Jesus of Nazareth!" gasped Chomet. "Why do they kill him?"

No one answered his question. Every eye was strained toward the bald top of that hill of death. Again Chomet hurled himself forward, his savage hands tearing at the wall of faces like talons. On a sudden, and for the first time, he saw himself in the light of those purest eyes.

"They are killing him!" he cried.

Two men grasped him forcibly by the shoulders. "Hold," they hissed in his ear, "this is no time for a rescue! The Romans are crucifying him—canst thou not see? Yonder, looking on, stand the murderers—the priests. But the foulest traitor of them all is the man who sold him for a handful of silver!"

Mingled cries of pain and terror arose about the beggar; myriad fingers were outstretched to seize him—stooping, doubling, rending the crowd asunder like a piece of rotten cloth. But Chomet heard nothing—knew nothing of it all. He was running now, terrible sounds of doom ringing ceaselessly in his ears—the sound of hammers driving nails through helpless hands—those merciful hands which had twice touched him to save.

"Jesus!" he shrieked again and again, and fled faster and ever faster, pursued by that frightful shadow of death—the shadow of the cross.

Under the ghastly darkness of the shrouded heavens lay the Mercy Pool, its glassy surface black and silent. Into its midst plunged the convulsed figure of Chomet. "Jesus!" he wailed, and the pool seemed changed to blood—to fire!

In the flame of that fire the soul of Chomet gained release from his body. Afterward—nay, who can tell of the afterward? This alone we know: Love is God. And this is enough, both for the Now and for the Afterward.

A Novel Canal House-Boat

By Charles Edward Barns

PEOPLE are troubling their minds and those of their friends just now with the query, How and where shall we spend our vacation? Many would like to do what their means would not allow, others what their time would not warrant; still others, with both time and money, are at a loss to discover something new in the way of a rest cure. Here is a plan by which from three weeks to three months may be spent delightfully. It is a practical scheme; and if a party can be arranged, with all members congenial, it can be made a red-letter year in the commonplace recreation record. At a cost astonishingly small, many charming points of interest are available; and if the members of the party are inclined to literary or artistic tastes, the time and material to indulge them will be furnished daily from the varied itinerary. It is a trip by canal-boat, reconstructed into a house-boat; and includes a tour through the Hudson, Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, Ontario, etc., with side excursions to Saratoga, Lake George, the Adirondacks, Montreal, Quebec, Niagara Falls, and the cities of central New York.

Near South Ferry, New York, is found an old landing-place for the canal-boat pilots called Coenties Slip. There are hundreds of canal-boats there, and they come from many points of the north and west as far as the Great Lakes. These boats are commodious and well built, for the most part; and as they are usually occupied by their owners, and they are, naturally, very particular about the kind of freight they carry, their families living on the boats, the barques are kept in a fine condition and in worthy trim for human habitation from end to end.

These craft can be turned into house-boats for the accommodation of from six to fifteen vacationers for a summer's cruise at an expense not exceeding five to fifteen dollars per week each. The interior can be painted, carpeted with rugs, small partitions of wood or oilcloth made, cots put up, and conveniences for both men's

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and women's comfort provided. A library may be installed, cases and chests for cameras and fishing paraphernalia, a piano, and folding tables. It could not only be made a sweet and clean sleeping-room, but a pleasing shelter for rainy days.

On deck above, newly painted and made presentable in every way, an awning can be stretched, and underneath chairs, settees, hammocks, rugs, etc., with appropriate flags at bow and stern. In the larder aft would be stored such necessities as the city affords: canned goods, preserves, groceries, and wines and tobaccos if so desired. As for the staple articles of food—meats, eggs, vegetables, and milk—they are available every day along the route, and this is one of the advantages of the house-boat cruise.

The owner of the craft will probably accompany her to serve as pilot, and, if so desired, his wife or relative will serve as cook at wages of three to four dollars a week. If the party is composed entirely of men, excellent male steamboat cooks are to be found in the vicinity of the Slip, whose hire does not exceed twenty dollars a month. These men are capable of serving a great variety of dishes.

The largest and finest of these craft may be had, including owner-pilot's services, for about one hundred and forty dollars a month, although the smaller ones, known as "feeders," may be secured for a less sum. This includes putting the barque into condition for human habitation. Two boats going together will lighten expenses very materially.

If the time is short, a trip as far as Plattsburg, where an excursion into the Adirondacks may be taken, will be found pleasurable. This will include short stops at Albany, where a dash to Saratoga may be taken; Glens Falls, where a trip to Lake George is a day's delightful journey; and Lake Champlain, with its historic associations. If, however, more time is at the excursionists' disposal, the boat may be carried on to Montreal, Quebec, Lake Ontario, and Niagara Falls, the return route being made by way of the Erie Canal. Certainly, for diversity of scenery and interest historical and legendary, as well as for opportunities to the hunter and fisherman, this itinerary could not be excelled.

Every afternoon during the spring, summer, and autumn there starts from Coenties Slip a freighter which draws from six to twenty canal-boats to Troy. This requires about forty-eight hours, and the toll is about sixteen dollars for each boat. There the Northern Canal is entered; and while the speed will not be maintained, the country assumes a very picturesque aspect, with the scenes constantly changing. The cost of horses and service on the tow-path is about four dollars a day for each boat, making twenty dollars a week for the cruise, leaving one day for rest and one for side excursions. With a party of from eight to twelve, the expense for transportation is thus very light.

At Whitehall the Champlain is entered; and as the freighters are in competition there, a good bargain can be made from point to point, with as many stops as desired. Fishing will be one of the features of the lake trip, and the table can be well supplied without cost.

For a party of eight or ten the monthly expense would be: Charter of boat, $140. Transportation, all included, $80. Food, $1 per day each, including cook, etc. Total, with incidentals, say, $600 per month, or about fifteen dollars a week each. These, according to the estimation of Dock Inspector Lyons, who knows every canal-boat man and boat that comes to New York, and who can always be found on duty, are very liberal allowances. These figures may be reduced in many particulars, and the more the cheaper as well as the merrier.

With a congenial party, there is no limit to the sport. The route is one of the most picturesque on the whole continent. For artists the boat may be turned literally into a floating studio. A good camera, as well as musical instruments, will be found recreative, the former for odd moments by day, the latter for moonlight nights on deck. Bicycles may be taken with advantage for the sundry side excursions, and a tent for the Adirondacks and elsewhere if a hunt is indulged in far from the floating headquarters. With all of these diversions, and the cruise an absolutely safe one, there should be no hindrance to a charming summer's rest-cure on a novel plan.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

By

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

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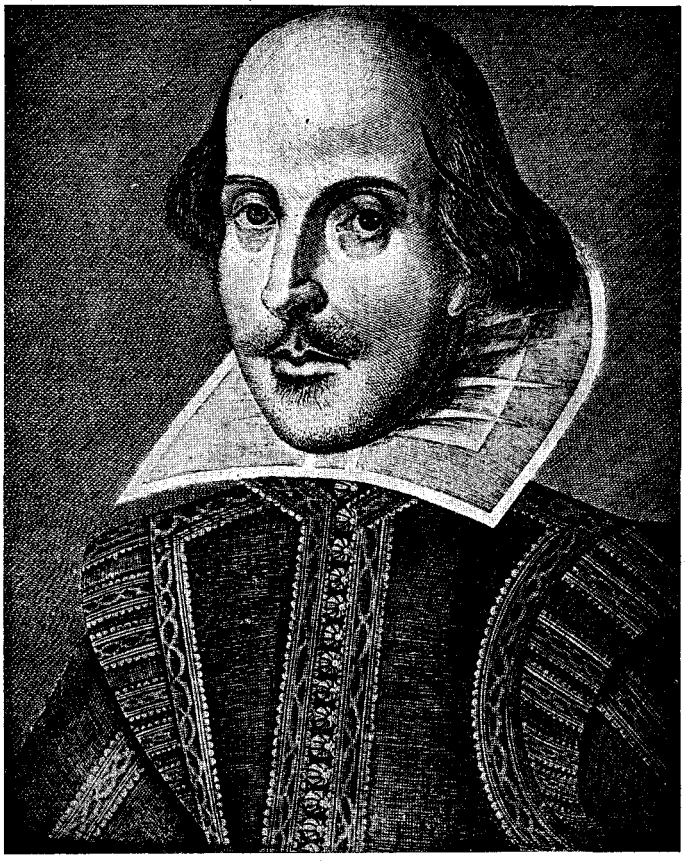
Part VII.—The First Fruits



THE DROESHOUT PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

WHETHER touched and strengthened by Shakespeare or not, "Titus Andronicus" serves as a connecting link between the drama as Shakespeare found it and his own work. It is not possible to determine the exact order in which the separate plays in the earliest group which record his period of apprenticeship appeared; but of the chronology of the group as a group there is no doubt. The first play which found its way into print appeared in 1597, when "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II.," and "Richard III." were published; but it was not until the following year that Shakespeare's name appeared on the title-page of a drama. As early as 1592, however, lines from his hand had been heard on the stage; and he had begun the work of adaptation and revision still earlier. Among the plays which Shakespeare found in the library of The Theater, many belonged to a class of dramas dealing with subjects and scenes in history—dramas which were probably more popular with the people who sat in the yard

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and in the boxes than any other plays which were presented to them. These plays appealed to the deepest instincts of men to whom the defeat of the Armada was a matter of very recent history, and in whom the race-consciousness was rapidly developing into a passionate conviction of the power and greatness of England. There was much in these plays which appealed to the imagination as well as to that thirst of action which was characteristic of the time. They brought before the eye and the mind the most commanding figures among the earlier kings and king-makers, and the most exciting and dramatic incidents in the life of the nation; there was a basis of fact ample enough to give the mimic representations that sense of reality which the English mind craves, and yet there was scope for that play of the imagination which has kept the English from the rigidity, hardness, and spiritual sterility which are the fruits of too great emphasis on the bare facts of history; there was always that touch of tragedy which invests a drama with dignity and nobility, and yet there was an abundance of that humor which is the necessity of healthful minds, because, by introducing the normal contrasts of life, it maintains that external balance which is essential to spiritual sanity.

These chronicle plays were, moreover, thoroughly representative of English society; kings, nobles, statesmen, ecclesiastics, and the lords of war were always conspicuous in the foreground, but in the middle and background there were those comic or semi-comic figures in whose boastings, blunderings, wit, and coarse vitality the common people took a perennial interest. These chronicles, crudely dramatized, were a rich mine of materials for a dramatic genius of Shakespeare's breadth and vitality, and they must be placed, by force of the direct and indirect service they rendered him, with the three or four chief streams of influence which fed his creative activity. Their direct service was rendered in the material which they furnished him so abundantly; their indirect service was rendered in the revelation of the possibilities for dramatic use of historical records which they made clear to him, and which sent him, with marvelous insight, to read the pages of Holinshed's "Chronicles" and North's translation of Plutarch's "Lives." In the arrangement of the thirty-seven plays according to subject matter and treatment, the Histories fill a place hardly second to the Tragedies in importance. The hold which these old plays had upon the mind of the English people was immensely deepened by Shakespeare's large and effective handling of historical characters and situations; and he must be regarded as one of the prime forces in the development of that intense and deeply practical patriotism which knits the widely scattered parts of the modern empire into a vital racial unity.

It was to this rich mass of material that Shakespeare turned at the very beginning of his career as a writer of plays. His vocation was probably not yet clear to him; he was groping his way towards free expression, but he did not find it in a day. No man of genius comes to complete self-consciousness save as the result of vital experience and a good deal of practical experimenting with such tools as are at hand. Shakespeare began, not as a creator of individual works of art, but as an adapter and reviser of the work of other men, or as a collaborator with his fellow-craftsmen. There have been a number of instances of conspicuously successful collaboration among dramatists; in Shakespeare's time, when the end in view was not the writing of a piece of literature, but the making of a successful acting play, co-operation among playwrights was customary.

The three parts of "Henry VI." register Shakespeare's earliest contact with the material afforded by the chronicles, and illustrate both the method of using existing material in vogue at the time and the results of collaboration on the part of two or three contemporary writers who combined their various gifts in order to secure higher efficiency. Malone came to the conclusion, after long study of this three-part play, that out of 6,043 lines 1,711 were written by some author or authors preceding Shakespeare, 2,373 were modified and changed by him, and 1,899 written by his own hand. This mathematical exactness is more impressive than conclusive; it has this value, however: it brings into clear view the composite character of the play, and shows how Shake-

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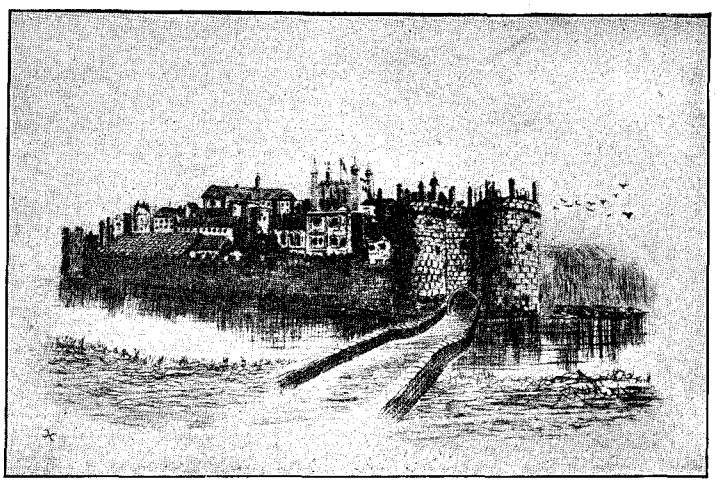

THE TOWER OF LONDON

From an old print in the British Museum.

speare learned his art. The poet was not bent on creative work, but on mastering the technical part of play-writing. Marlowe, Greene, and Peele have been credited with participation in the authorship of the play, but the passages assigned to them, and to an earlier dramatist who furnished a common foundation for these later playwrights, have been selected upon internal evidence and rest upon conjecture. Shakespeare's connection with the play is, fortunately, beyond question; whether he did much or little is of small consequence so long as we have in the play the material upon which he began to work. The sources of the play are to be found in Holinshed's "Chronicles" and Hall's "Chronicle."

The presentation of "Henry VI." in its three parts at the Rose Theater in the spring of 1592 was a notable event in the history of the early London stage. It was successful, apparently, from the first performance, and the impression which it produced on men of intelligence is reflected in the words of one of Shakespeare's most successful contemporaries: "How it would have joyed brave Talbot," wrote Nash, "to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeares in his Tombe, hee should triumphe againe on the Stage, and have his bones newe embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at severall times) who, in the Tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." It is significant that the scenes in which Talbot appears as the leading figure in the first part are now assigned to Shakespeare by common consent. It is as difficult to doubt the hand of the coming master in the powerful delineation of this great English soldier and his sturdy son as it is to find that hand in the cheap and coarse presentation of Joan of Arc. In the most immature stage of his development as an artist Shakespeare was incapable of so vulgar a misreading of a great career; his insight would have saved him from so gross a blunder. In the heroic figure of Talbot the typical Englishman of action, with his superb energy, his dauntless courage, and his imperturbable poise, appears for the first time on Shakespeare's stage and predicts a long line of passionate, daring, and effective leaders. The scene in the Temple Garden, where the red and white roses are plucked from their fragrant seclusion to become the symbols of contending factions on bloody fields, is unmistakably Shakespearean; and so also are some of the scenes in which Jack Cade and his mob appear.

Shakespeare's part in "Henry VI." brought him immediate recognition. He was twenty-seven years old, and had been in London six years. His competitors remembered that a very little time before he had been holding horses outside the theaters or performing the very humble duties of a call-boy. He had come up from Stratford without influential friends, a university education, or technical training for play-writing, at a time when all

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the successful dramatists were university-bred, scholars, wits, and men whose social advantages, however lost or misused, had been considerable. A small group of these writers were in possession of the craft and business of supplying the stage with plays. To men of the experience and temper of Marlowe, Greene, Nash, Peele, and Lodge, the sudden popular success of a youth with so little to aid and so much to retard him in external conditions must have seemed like an intrusion. They were men of loose lives, irregular habits, and broken fortunes.

Robert Greene, the son of a well-to-do citizen of Norwich, was then in his forty-third year. When he left the university in 1578, he went abroad. "For being at the University of Cambridge," he wrote toward the close of his ill-spent life, "I light among wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth; who drew me to travel into Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practiced such villainy as is abominable to declare." The story of his later life, as told by himself, is pitiful in its moral degradation. On his death-bed — friendless, deserted, penniless, and consumed with remorse—he wrote an appeal to his old associates, full of bitterness, sound advice, and malice. "A Groats-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance," written in 1592 after the striking success of "Henry VI.," urges Marlowe, Peele, and Nash or Lodge to give up vice, blasphemy, and bitterness of speech. "Base-minded men all three of you," he writes, "if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burrs to cleave—those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours. . . . There is an upstart Crow, beautiful with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapt up in a players hide supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum* is, in his own conceit, the only shake-scene in a countrie. O that I might intreate your rare wits to be imployed in more profitable courses: and let these Apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions."

A LONDON STREET IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

This tirade against Shakespeare brings into clear relief the curious blending of remorse and jealousy which, even on his death-bed, was characteristic of Greene. Having wasted great talents and an adequate opportunity, he turned, with the hand of death upon him, with a malignant thrust upon the young poet who was already making friends by the charm of his temperament, as he was putting new dramatic value into old and conventionally treated material by sheer force of genius. Mr. Symonds interprets this onslaught upon the rising playwright in this fashion: "We, gentlemen and scholars, have founded the Drama in England, and have hitherto held a monopoly of the theaters. Those puppets, antics, base grooms, buckram gentlemen, peasants, painted monsters—for he calls the players by these names in succession—have now learned, not only how to act our scenes, but how to imitate them; and there is one among them, Shakespeare, who will drive us all to penury."

The fight against the new order which Shakespeare represented was useless, as such fights always are; but Greene had very little insight into the nature of his art and its relation to the age, and he had

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already suffered one notable defeat. When he came to London, fresh from his university studies and his foreign travel, plays written in rhyme held the stage and were the special delight of theater-goers, and Greene soon developed marked skill and facility in giving the public precisely what it liked. When he had gained the public and felt that the stage was practically in his hands, Marlowe brought out the tremendous drama of "Tamburlaine," written in blank verse, and effected a sudden and decisive revolution in public taste. Greene broke out into violent abuse of dramatists who were willing to stoop so low as to use blank verse; and three years before the appearance of "Henry VI.," Nash, who had been drawn into the fight by Greene, poured out his contempt on the "idiot art-masters, that intrude themselves as the alchemists of eloquence, and think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse, . . . the spacious volubility of a drumming decasyllabon."

It was not long before Greene was trying to make peace with the public by imitating the new style which Marlowe had brought into vogue. He made a truce with the author of "Tamburlaine," and the little group of scholar-dramatists controlled the business of play-writing. At the moment when their hold seemed most secure, Shakespeare appeared as a competitor. As Greene had fought Marlowe, so he fought Shakespeare; but in the case of Shakespeare there must have been something more than professional jealousy; men on their death-beds, as a rule, are not concerned to protect from fresh competition a business in which they have lost interest; they are often eager, however, to pay off a grudge. The cause of Greene's hatred is to be found, probably, in the perception of the contrast between his wild and wasted youth and the singular promise and sanity of Shakespeare's early career. There is abundant evidence that there was something winning in the young poet's personality, as there was something compelling in his genius. Men were drawn to him by the irresistible attraction of his radiant and lovable temperament, with its magical range of sympathetic expression. Penniless, deserted, and smitten with a remorse which tortured without purifying him, Greene shot his last arrow of malicious satire at the rising reputation of his youngest competitor, and shot in vain.

Henry Chettle, who published his rancorous attack, followed it in December, 1592, three months after Greene's death, with a public apology which contains a few words of great value as indicating the feeling Shakespeare was evoking from his fellow-workers: "Myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art."

The sensitive mind of Shakespeare felt keenly the dominant influences of his time, and his earlier work reflects those influences. Brilliant as that work is, it is mainly, with touches of imitation, tentative,

THE
Second part of the
troublesome Raigne of King
John, conteining the death
of Arthur Plantagines,
the landing of Lewes, and
the poysoning of King
Iohn at Swinstead
Abbey.
As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the
Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho-
nourable Citie of
London.
Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke,
and are to be sold at his shop on the backe-
side of the Exchange.
1591.

The true Tragedie of Richard
Duke of Yorke, and the death of
King Henrie the Sixt,
with the whole contention betweene
the two Houses Lancaster
and Yorke, as it was sundrie times
acted by the Right Honoura-
ble the Earle of Pem-
brooke his seruants.
Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling-
ton, and are to be sold at his shop vnder
Saint Peters Church in
Cornwall. 1595

THE TRAGEDY OF
King Richard the third.
Containing,
His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence:
the pitifull murther of his innocent nephewes:
his tyrannicall vsurpation; with the whole course
of his detested life, and most deserued death.
As it hath beene lately Acted by the
Right Honourable the Lord Chamber-
laine his seruants.
AT LONDON
Printed by Valentine Simz, for Andrew Wise,
dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the
Signe of the Angell.
1597.

THREE FIRST-EDITION TITLE-PAGES

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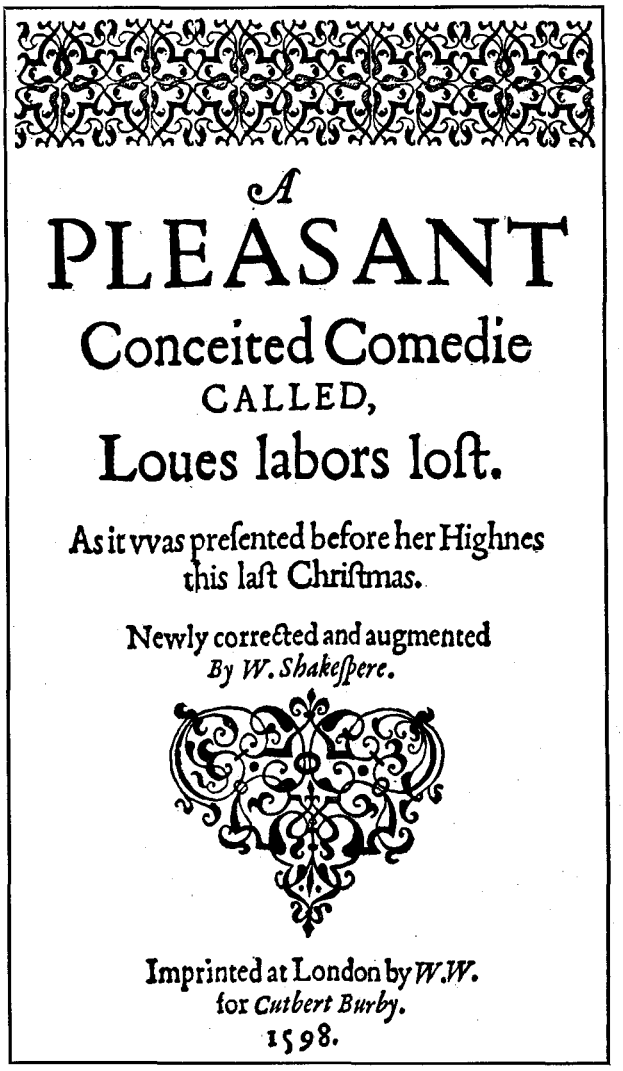
registering the response of the poet's imagination to the different masters of his art. "Titus Andronicus," if it came from Shakespeare's hand, betrays the influence of Marlowe; if this sanguinary drama is excluded from the canon of Shakespeare's dramas, then the reflection of Marlowe's powerful genius is to be found in "Richard II." and "Richard III." These plays were written a little later in time, but they belong within the first period of the poet's creative activity. Marlowe was then at the height of his fame and popularity, and Shakespeare could no more have escaped the spell of his splendid genius than a sensitive young poet of romantic temper in the decade between 1820 and 1830 could have escaped the influence of Byron. The three parts of "Henry VI.," with their series of pictorial tableaux, disclose the hold which the chronicle plays had taken upon Shakespeare's imagination.


A
PLEASANT
Conceited Comedie
CALLED,
Loues labors loſt.
As it vvas preſented before her Highnes this laſt Chriſtmas.
Newly corrected and augmented
By W. Shakeſpere.
Imprinted at London by W.W.
for Cutbert Burby.
1598.

THE FIRST TITLE-PAGE BEARING SHAKESPEARE'S NAME

The comedy "Love's Labor's Lost" betrays the influence of John Lyly, and of his famous "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," which appeared in London about the time Shakespeare left the Grammar School at Stratford. The writer was a young man of twenty-six years, a member of Magdalen College, Oxford, and extremely sensitive to the subtleties and refinements of sentiment and language. His talent was neither deep nor vital, but he was one of those fortunate men who arrive on the scene at the very moment when their gifts receive the most liberal reinforcement from the passion, the conviction, or the taste of the hour. Lyly had little to say, but he was a sensitive instrument ready to the hand of his time, and his time made the most of him. He made himself the fashion of the decade by fastening as if by instinct on its affectations, excesses, and eccentricities of taste. The Renaissance had made Europe, in intellectual interests at least, a community; and intellectual impulses passed rapidly from one country to another. By virtue of her recovery of classical literature and of her creative energy, Italy was the leader of culture, the exponent of the new freedom and the higher taste. To Italy men turned for the models and standards of literary art as, later, they turned to France for manners and dress. The Italians were still near enough to mediæval ways and habits to find delight in wire-drawn definitions, in distinctions so fine that they were almost invisible, and in allegories and symbolism. The schoolmen were quibblers by tradition and training, and quibbling passed on into polite society when the New Learning came, and

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became the pastime and amusement of the cultivated and fashionable. Directness of speech went out of fashion; affectation of the most extreme type marked the man of superior refinement. Pedantry, quibbling, verbal juggling, the use of far-fetched similes and classical allusions, allegories and conceits, became the marks of elegance and culture. England, Spain, and France, eager to emulate the Italians in the newly opened field of scholarship and art, fastened, after the manner of imitators, upon the worst mannerisms of the Italians, imported them, and made them, if possible, more artificial and extravagant.

In every age, from the time of Surrey to that of Pater, English literature has shown the presence of a tendency to preciosity—an overcurious study of words and a skill in using them somewhat too esoteric. In Shakespeare's youth this tendency was both a fashion and a passion, and John Lyly was its most successful exponent. He caught the rising tide, and was carried to a great height of popularity. "Euphues" was a romance with a minimum of story interest and a maximum of reflections on love, manners, and morals, written in a style which was in the last degree ornate, elaborate, high-flown, and affected. There were no libraries or newspapers; books were few; the modern journal of fashion and well-diluted romance had not been born; time hung heavily on the hands of many women. Lyly knew his audience, and wrote for it with singular success. "Euphues," he wrote," "had rather lie shut in a lady's casket than open in a scholar's study." It found its way into a prodigious number of such caskets. The first part, originally published in 1579, was reprinted nine times in fifty years. The word Euphuism remains a lasting memorial of a tendency which was felt by nearly all the writers of Shakespeare's time, and which has left traces in all our later literature.

The Court found in this fastidious and extravagant style a highly developed language of homage and flattery, and men of affairs used it freely as poets. When Sir Walter Raleigh was forty years old and Queen Elizabeth sixty, the brilliant but unfortunate gentleman wrote these words from his cell in the Tower to Sir Robert Cecil: "While she was yet nigher at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less; but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess; sometime singing like an angel; sometime playing like Orpheus. Behold the sorrow of this world! Once amiss, hath bereaved me of all."

There was much in Shakespeare's mind which not only made him sensitive to the attractions of Euphuism in certain of its aspects, but stimulated the play of his own ingenuity. When he gave free rein to his fancy, no writer surpassed him in quips, quibbles, conceits, puns, the use of images, allusions, and comparisons. He could be as whimsical, fantastic, and affected as the greatest literary fop of his time, and this not by way of satire but for his own pleasure. His earlier plays are often disfigured by this vicious verbal dexterity; mere jugglery with words, which has no relation to art. "Love's Labor's Lost" was first published in Quarto form in 1598, with this title-page: "A Pleasant Conceited Comedy called Loues Labors Lost." Shakespeare's name appears for the first time on this title-page. The play was probably written several years earlier. It was played before the Queen during the Christmas festivities of 1597. It is a very characteristic piece of apprentice work; full of prophecy of the method of the mature dramatist, but full also of evidences of immaturity. The young poet was trying his hand at comedy for the first time, and his keen perception of the extravagances, affectations, and foibles of London life had already supplied him with a fund of material for satiric portrayal of contemporary manners. The wealth of vitality and achievement which was characteristic of the age ran to all manner of excess and eccentricity of dress and speech. These were the most obvious aspects of the life he saw about him; its deeper issues were still beyond his experience. The quick eye of the young observer took in at a glance the brilliance and show of the age, the dress of which was rich and elaborate to the last degree. "We," says a contemporary English writer, "use many more colors than are in the rainbow; all

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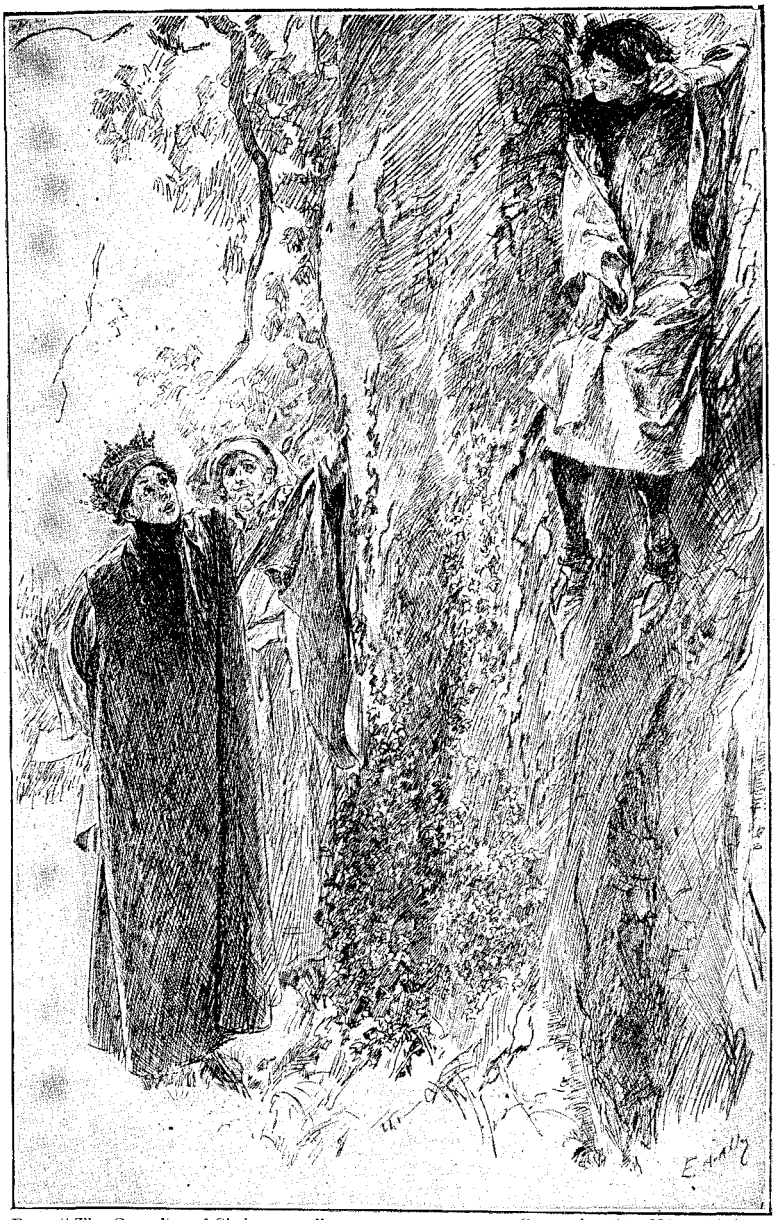

From "The Comedies of Shakespeare." Copyright, 1899, Harper & Bros.

BIRON AND THE KING

From the drawing by Edwin A. Abbey.

the most light, garish, and unseemly colors that are in the world. . . . We wear more fantastical fashions than any nation under the sun doth, the French only excepted."

The passion for travel was general among men of fashion, and western Europe was laid under contribution for novelties in manners, dress, and speech. "Farewell, monsieur traveller," writes Shakespeare; "look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola." The language of the day was as ornate and composite as the dress; men spoke to one another in the most flowery speech, and the language was strained to furnish compliments for women. The allusions to the

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Queen read like fulsome flattery, but women of lesser rank received the same homage of exaggerated and high-flown tribute. This splendor of bearing, often forced and unnatural, marked the endeavor of the age to live on a level with the greatness of life as it was brought home to the imagination by heroic and romantic achievements. When she had become a wrinkled old woman, the Queen was discovered practicing a new dance-step in the solitude of her closet!

The plot of "Love Labor's Lost" is slight and of minor importance; its sources have not been discovered; the play lives in its dialogue and satire. The influence of Lyly is apparent not only in the extravagance and fastidiousness of speech which are satirized with ready skill, but in the give and take of the conversation and the quickness of repartee which first appeared in the English drama in Lyly's court plays.

In this comedy of manners Shakespeare makes admirable sport of the high-flown speech of the time, touching with a light but sure hand its ambitious pedantry in Holofernes, the fantastic excesses of the latest fashion in learning in Armado, and the perils of Euphuism, as he recognized them in his own art, in Biron, who probably speaks the poet's mind when he puts by forever

> Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
> Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
> Figures pedantical.

The youthfulness of the writer of the play is shown by the great preponderance of lines that rhyme, and by its marked lyrical character, which stamps it as the work of a brilliant poet rather than of an experienced dramatist. Three sonnets and a song are introduced, not because they are necessary parts of the drama, but because they are the natural forms of expression for a young poet; and Mr. Pater has called attention to the fact that the opening speech on the immortality of fame, spoken by the King, and the more striking passages spoken by Biron, have "something of the monumental style of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression."

The stock figures with which the stage was familiar are prominent in the play; the chief actors are sketched with a free hand rather than carefully drawn and strongly individualized after the poet's later manner; and the play contains several characters which, in the light of later plays, are seen to be first studies of some of the most notable portraits of riper years. The note of youthfulness is distinct also in the extravagance of speech which runs through it, and which was not only satirical but full of attractiveness for the poet. Indeed, the comedy may be regarded as an attempt on the poet's part to free himself from artistic peril by giving his mind, on its dexterous side, full play. The early ripening of artistic instinct into artistic knowledge is evidenced by the discernment of the danger and the well-devised remedy. Biron interprets the young poet's self-consciousness as an artist clearly and decisively; he shows us Shakespeare's insight into the methods and means of securing the freest expression of his thought, and his deliberate selection of right approaches to his art and his deliberate rejection of the most seductive errors of his time. In this comedy his mind was at play; its natural agility, alertness, keenness, love of paradox, delight in the dexterous handling of words, were allowed full scope, and the disease of his time came fully to the surface and never again seriously attacked him. With his magical quickness of mental action and command of language, he might have succumbed to the temptation to be a marvelously keen and adroit manipulator of words instead of a great creative artist; he might easily have been a fastidious writer for experts in the bizarre, the curious, and the esoteric in style, instead of becoming the full-voiced, large-minded, deep-hearted poet of humanity. This peril he escaped by discerning it and, in the very act of satirizing it, giving his mind opportunity to indulge a passion which all men of artistic feeling shared. The play dealt more freely with contemporaneous events and was more deeply imbedded in contemporary conditions than any other of his dramas; for this reason it became very popular with Elizabethan audiences, but is the least interesting of Shakespeare's works to modern readers. There is in it a preponderance of the local and a minimum of the universal elements.

But Shakespeare could not satirize the extravagances and follies of his time without

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AN ELIZABETHAN DRAMATIST AND CONTEMPORARY OF SHAKESPEARE

From an early pen drawing.

suggesting the larger view of life which was always in his thought; he could not touch the smallest detail of manners without bringing the man into view. In this early and sportive work, with its incessant and often metallic fence of words, the young poet disclosed his resolute grasp of the realities of life as opposed to passing theories and individual experiments. The artificial asceticism to which the King commits himself and his court, with its fasts, vigils, studies, and exclusion of women, is a gay but futile attempt to interfere with normal human emotions, needs, and habits; it breaks down under the first strain to which it is subjected, and is driven out of beclouded minds with the gayest of womanly laughter and the keenest of womanly wit. The satire of the play assails false ideas of the place of knowledge, false uses of speech, and false conceptions of life; it discloses the mind of the poet already at work on the problem which engaged him during the whole of his productive life, and in the working out of which all the plays are involved: the problem of the right relation of the individual to the moral order, to the family, and to the State. The breadth of view and sanity of temper which are at once the most striking characteristics of Shakespeare's mind and the secret of the reality and range of his art find in "Love's Labor's Lost"[1] their earliest illustration. And in this play are to be found also the earliest examples of his free and expressive character-drawing; for Biron and Rosaline are preliminary studies for Benedict and Beatrice; the play of wit throughout the drama predicts "Much Ado About Nothing;" the love-making of Armado and Jaquenetta is the earliest example of

[1] By the courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, The Outlook is able to present to its readers a very characteristic and charming picture by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, illustrative of "Love's Labor's Lost," taken from Mr. Abbey's "Comedies of William Shakespeare." Mr. Abbey is one of the little group of American artists abroad who have attained the highest distinction; with Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent, he has had the most coveted forms of recognition. His illustrations of the Shakespearean comedies are notable for careful study of the dress of the period, for very intelligent reading of the Shakespearean text, and for delightful quality of humor.—THE EDITORS.

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a by-play of comedy which reaches perfection in "As You Like It." As a piece of apprentice work "Love's Labor's Lost" is quite invaluable; so clearly does it reveal the early processes of the poet's mind and his first selection of themes, motives, human interests, and artistic methods.

"The Comedy of Errors" belongs to this period of tentative work, and is interesting as showing Shakespeare's familiarity with the traditional form of comedy and as marking the point of his departure from it. It was first published in the Folio of 1623, but it was presented as early as the Christmas season of 1594, in the hall of Gray's Inn, and its production was accompanied by considerable disorder in the audience, which must have been composed chiefly of benchers and their guests. This disturbance is mentioned by a chronicler in the same year in these words: "After much sport, a Comedy of Errors was played by the players; so that night began and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the 'Night of Errors.'" The main, although not the only, source of the plot was the Menæchmi of Plautus, in which the Latin comedian develops the almost unlimited possibility of blunders which lies in mistakes of identity—then as now a popular device with playwrights and story-tellers. Shakespeare may have read the comedy in the original, or in a translation by William Warner, which was not published until the year following the presentation of the "Comedy of Errors," but which was probably in existence in manuscript much earlier. In this form many pieces of prose and verse which later became famous were passed from hand to hand; writing was practiced chiefly for the pleasure of the writer and his friends, and publication was secondary, and usually an afterthought.

In turning to Plautus, Shakespeare paid tribute to the classical tradition which dominated Italy and was never without witnesses in England; a tradition which cannot be disregarded without serious loss of artistic education, nor accepted without sacrifice of original power. Whenever the classical tradition has secured complete possession of the stage, a new and vital drama has been impossible; whenever it has been entirely discarded, unregulated individualism has degenerated into all manner of eccentricities of plot and form. With characteristic insight, Shakespeare escaped both dangers; he knew the classical manner, and was not unresponsive to its order, balance, and genius for proportion, but he refused to be enslaved or hampered by it. English tragedy had secured complete freedom, and was fast becoming the richest and most adequate expression of the English genius; English comedy had been fighting the same battle, and "The Comedy of Errors" marks the decisive triumph of the national genius. In this play Shakespeare conformed to the ancient requirements that the action should take place in a single day and within the limits of a single locality—the time-honored unities; but he changed the classical into the romantic spirit by the introduction of greater complexity of characters and therefore of greater perplexity of plot, and by the infusion of a vein of pathos which is alien to the Latin comedy.

The ease with which the difficult plot is handled shows that Shakespeare had already gone far in his education as a playwright. A comparison with Plautus's play brings out his essential and fundamental cleanness of imagination. He was a man of his time, and his time was incredibly frank and coarse of speech; but whenever he could escape into a purer speech he rarely lost the opportunity. The coarseness and occasional obscenity in his work were the dust of the road along which he traveled; among the men of his age and vocation he was singularly refined in taste and clean in speech. His moral sanity is one of Shakespeare's most characteristic qualities; he is ethically sound throughout the entire body of his work. His insight holds him true at all points to the inexorable play of law. He offends the taste of a more fastidious age, but he is far more wholesome than many modern writers of irreproachable vocabulary. On this whole matter Coleridge has spoken the final word:

"Shakespeare has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice; he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotze-

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bues of the day. Shakespeare's fathers are roused by ingratitude, his husbands stung by unfaithfulness; in him, in short, the affections are wounded in those points in which all may, nay, must, feel. Let the morality of Shakespeare be contrasted with that of the writers of his own or of the succceding age, or of those of the present day who boast of their superiority in this respect. No one can dispute that the result of such a comparison is altogether in favor of Shakespeare; even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his own writings. If he occasionally disgusts a keen sense of delicacy, he never injures the mind; he neither excites nor flatters passion, in order to degrade the subject of it; he does not use the faulty thing for a faulty purpose, nor carry on warfare against virtue, by causing wickedness to appear as no wickedness, through the medium of a morbid sympathy with the unfortunate. In Shakespeare vice never walks as in twilight; nothing is purposely out of its place; he inverts not the order of nature and propriety—does not make every magistrate a drunkard or a glutton, nor every poor man meek, humane, and temperate."

In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" another tie with the past and another point of departure are discovered. The play seems to have been derived mainly from the Portuguese novelist and poet Montemayor, whose "Story of the Shepherdess Filismena" was well known in English through various translations of the pastoral romance of which it was part, and is reminiscent of the plays based chiefly on Italian love-stories which were popular before Shakespeare's time. This comedy of love and friendship, conceived in romantic spirit, is slight and ineffective in construction, but full of beauty in detail. It is the work of a poet who was not yet a dramatist. There are lines in it which predict the magical verses of the later plays; Julia and Lucetta are hasty, preliminary studies of Portia and Nerissa; while Launce and Speed are the forerunners of a long succession of serving-men whose conceits, drolleries, whims, and far-fetched similes place them among the most original of the poet's creations.

Shakespeare's apprentice work, even when it was limited to adaptation or recasting of existing materials, is clearly discriminated from his more mature work both by its structure and its style; but it is tentative rather than imitative, and full of germs which were to find perfection of growth in the dramas of a later period.

The Other Day

By Clarence Hawkes

The other day we played upon the lea
  Where 'neath the grass a nimble river ran;
But now I hear the murmur of the sea,
  And we are turning home as we began.
The other day we dreamed of things afar,
But now we hear the breakers on the bar.

The other day we grew to manhood's strength;
  Its hours were long and full of anxious care,
But then we toiled and gloried in their length,
  And laughed at wrinkles and at silver hair,—
When we were young, with strength to toil and plan.
But, oh, my friend, how swift the river ran!

Now, bowed by years, we stand beside the gate;
  The golden hours have passed by, one by one.
In youth, alas! for time we could not wait,
  But now in truth our little day is done.
The other day life was an endless span,
But, oh, my friend, how swift the river ran!

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The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews

VII.—Hebrew Fiction

By Lyman Abbott

THE suggestion that there are works of fiction in the Bible at one time certainly would have aroused protest, if not resentment, and it is possible that there may still linger in the minds of some a remnant of this feeling. It is largely due to two reasons. The first is an impression that the suggestion of fiction in the Bible has been invented by those who desire to eliminate from it the supernatural. Doubtless it is true that there are some critics who desire to eliminate the supernatural from the Bible, and who therefore seek to show that anything which seems to be supernatural is imaginative. This is not the scientific, it is not the literary, spirit. The true scientific spirit does not assume that there can be nothing supernatural in life; it studies life to ascertain what is in it. The truly literary spirit does not assume that there is nothing supernatural in literature; it studies literature to ascertain what is its character and what are the motive and purpose of each author. No literary critic would think of classifying the story of the resurrection of Jesus Christ among works of fiction or imagination. He might think the narrative incorrect, but he would not doubt that it belongs among historical works—that is, that the authors believed that they were narrating facts. The mere circumstance that an incident narrated in the Old Testament is extraordinary does not afford the slightest indication that it is fiction. The question whether any narrative is history or fiction is not identical with the question whether it is true or false. The literary classification of a narrative depends upon the motive of the author, not upon the accuracy of the narrative. The author of fiction gives free play to his imagination, and his work is not the less fictitious because he interweaves some historical truth with his imaginative narrative; the historian assumes to narrate facts and his work is history despite the fact that he may be misled into the most serious errors in his narrative. Herodotus is a writer of history; although Macaulay assures us that "he is from the first to the last chapter an inventor." Dumas is a writer of fiction; although his editor affirms that "contemporary authority can be cited for any anecdote or incident not directly connected with the distinctively romantic portions of the narrative." The question whether any particular narrative in the Old Testament—the Book of Jonah, for example—is history or fiction is not to be determined by considering whether the book contains extraordinary events, but by considering the question whether its general spirit and structure are such as to justify the belief that the author thought himself narrating facts as they actually occurred, or whether he consciously gave a free rein to his imagination as he wrote.

A second reason for the objection to the suggestion that there is fiction in the Bible is a remnant of a Puritan prejudice which everywhere except in its relation to the Bible has long since disappeared. The Puritans opposed all manifestations of the imagination. They destroyed the pictured windows in the churches; took down the pictures from the walls of the houses; broke in pieces the statues in the niches; closed the doors of the theaters and forbade the drama; and banished the works of fiction from their tables. No doubt some readers of this article can remember, in their own childhood days, how novels of every description were looked upon askance, if not with absolute reprobation, in their own circles. We have emerged into an epoch in which this banishing of the imagination is no longer permitted because it is no longer necessary. We admit the pictured windows to the churches; we hang pictures on the walls of our houses; we have replaced the statues even of pagan deities in their

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niches, reopened the doors of the theaters, and novels lie on all our tables. In brief, we recognize the fact that imagination is a divinely given faculty, not to be suppressed, but to be freely used. Why, then, should we think it strange that God should have used the same faculty in the education of the Hebrew race? If to-day it is one of his instruments for the development of humanity, why should we think it impossible that in the olden time he should have inspired men to use their imagination for the moral and spiritual culture of the race?

In truth, the works of imagination have a very high and a very varied service to perform. Fiction is, in the first place, entertaining, and gives rest. The little child, left alone at night by the mother, whispers softly to itself a story and so talks itself to sleep; when we have lost the imagination of our childhood, we ask some genius who still retains it to tell us his story, that he may sweep out of our minds for a little while the cares and perplexities of our busy day, that in his narrative we may find rest and refreshment. Fiction is sometimes a valuable vehicle for the conveyance of instruction. It is true that there are critics who say that a work of imagination never should be didactic; but who would banish from literature Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Oliver Twist," or "Put Yourself in His Place"? because they are didactic. Some of the greatest of our novelists have written for the purpose of illustrating truth, moral, religious, or sociological. Fiction is descriptive and interpretative. The imagination tells us much of life with which otherwise we should be unfamiliar. If we desire pictures of old-time life, we shall find them more vivid in "Henry Esmond," "Lorna Doone," or "Quentin Durward" than in Green's "History of England;" because the novelist has a free hand with which to picture the life that he desires to set before us. If we desire to know how the other half of the world lives, we shall find it more vividly portrayed in such a novel as Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" than in such a statistical work as Charles Booth's "Life of the Poor in London." Fiction is interpretative of life as well as descriptive of it. The great novelist understands the principles of human nature and portrays them—not philosophically, not psychologically, but dramatically; so that by sharing his imagination we share his understanding. If he be really a great dramatist, he realizes not only the outer life, but the moral forces which are at work in the world, and he so portrays life that those moral forces appear before us; he does not so much give instruction as impart life through the ministry of life. It would be a mistake to say that Shakespeare wrote "Macbeth" to show the evils of ambition, or "Othello" to show the evils of jealousy, or "Hamlet" to show the evils of irresolution; but, none the less, the great interpreter of human life could not tell the story of jealousy, of ambition, or of irresolution without making us feel, rather than see, their evil. Thus fiction not only entertains, instructs, describes, interprets, but inspires; by showing noble life, it quickens noble life in us; by showing ignoble life, it inspires us with hate against what is ignoble.

Fiction in the Old Testament serves all these purposes. Some of these Hebrew stories are vastly entertaining. If one doubts it, let him read the Old Testament story of Daniel or Samson or Elijah to a group of children; he will find them not less interested than they would be in any story to be found in Greek or Roman literature. Some of these Hebrew stories are didactic, written for the purpose of conveying moral instruction; the parables of Christ are pre-eminently so. Some of them are simply descriptive. We get, for instance, from the account of Eliezer's courtship of Rebecca for his master's son a better picture of the way in which courtships were conducted in patriarchal times than we could possibly get from accurate history. We find in these stories, also, interpretations of life: love and jealousy, joy and sorrow, courage and cowardice, virtue struggling with vice and vanquishing it, vice struggling with virtue and vanquishing it. All this we find portrayed with moral simplicity nowhere surpassed, with dramatic power never degenerating into the melodramatic. In them all, with the entertainment, the didactic teaching, the description of external life, the portrayal of character, we find life imparted through life; that inspiration which is more than instruction. It is a mistake to think, as men of the Puritan temperament

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have sometimes seemed to think, that all life comes through the intellect, and that we must understand before we can receive. A great deal comes through the sympathies, the emotions, the imagination, and through these the writer of fiction often addresses himself to us more effectively than either the historian, the philosopher, or the moralist.

A single illustration taken from the Book of Judges will serve to demonstrate to the more conservative reader that there is some fiction in the Old Testament. It is the parable of the trees, and reads as follows:

"The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them: and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive-tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the fig-tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow: and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon."

No one will doubt that this is fiction. And yet it would be quite as possible for God to make a tree that could talk as an ass that could talk, or a big fish that could swallow a man and a man that could live three days and three nights in the belly of the big fish. There is no question of possible or impossible with God. Our question always must be, not what God *can* do, but what it is reasonable to believe that he *has done*. We believe that this parable of the trees is fiction, because it has the qualities of fiction, because it is more reasonable to suppose that the author invented the story to serve as the vehicle of a moral, than to suppose that God created talking trees and brought them together in a quasi-political convention for that purpose. This parable, therefore, not only illustrates the truth that there is fiction in the Old Testament, but it indicates the method by which we are to determine what is fiction and what is history. In the next article I shall retell two or three of the Hebrew stories and leave the reader to judge from the story itself, as told, whether, if he found it elsewhere than in the Bible, he would regard it as fiction or as history.

All readers recognize that the parables in the Bible are fiction; many of them are less ready to recognize its folk-lore. By folk-lore I mean the stories which mothers tell their children, and which pass from generation to generation, sometimes in later history printed, sometimes never reduced to print; all peoples have such folk-lore, and the Hebrew people had theirs. Such were some of the stories subsequently incorporated in the Book of Genesis; such some of the tales respecting Elisha; such, probably, the account of the boyhood exploits of King David; such, certainly, the story of Samson. Samson lived in the colonial days of Israel, when there was no king, and every man did what was right in his own eyes. His birth was heralded by an angelic messenger; he was consecrated to the life of a Nazarene from his cradle by his mother; he drank no wine, ate no grapes, suffered the locks of his hair to go uncut, and in his youth gave token of that extraordinary strength which has since rendered his name proverbial.

We first meet this Hebrew unheroic hero on his way to Timnath. A Philistine maiden has captured his fancy by her beauty, and, despite the law, the protests of his parents, the mission to which he is called by God as deliverer of his people, to Timnath he will go. The Philistine maiden plays the coquette with him, cajoles him out of his secret, and tells to his Philistine guests the answer to the riddle which he has proposed. To pay his wager of thirty changes of raiment he goes alone across the country and takes the raiment from a Philistine city; but his pride is wounded by the deceit which has been practiced upon him, and when the Philistine coquette marries one of the guests who had come to his betrothal, he catches three hundred jackals, ties them together two by two by the tails, fastens a firebrand to each pair, and lets them loose in the harvest season to set fire to the Philistines'

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standing wheat. Then, when the Philistines, with singular injustice, visit their wrath on the bride and her father, putting her to death, Samson, with characteristic fickleness, smites them hip and thigh with a great slaughter. We next find him in the hands of more formidable foes. When the Philistines come up to avenge their wrongs on the nation which shelters Samson, and the Israelites deliver him bound into their hands, he submits without opposition, only to break the cords which bind him, leap upon his would-be captors with a shout, and slay a thousand of them with his own hands.

Twenty years later we meet him in Gaza, a Philistine city, whither, still yielding himself a slave to his unbridled self-will and self-indulgent spirit, he has gone in pursuit of a Philistine woman. The Philistines close the gates and set a watch to catch him at the dawn. At midnight he goes out, takes the gates and posts upon his back and carries them off, in scornful disdain of their boasted strength. Such a man, weak in the conceit of his own strength, never learns life's lessons. He falls in with another Philistine woman, sets his heart upon her, and, with a folly for which there is no palliation, walks open-eyed into the trap the treacherous Delilah has set for him. She undertakes to get from him the secret of his superhuman strength. Three times he mocks her with lying answers; three times discovers her treachery, and, despite it all, at last tells her the secret, lies down to sleep with his head upon her lap, to awake, his vow broken, his locks shaven, his strength gone, and himself an easy prey to his enemies. In servitude he learns that lesson of self-denial which he would learn nowhere else, grinds away in the prison-house of his foes, little by little gathers his strength, and in one last barbaric yet heroic effort brings down the temple of the Philistines' god, Dagon, upon himself and upon the worshipers assembled to exult over him.

This story, found anywhere but in Hebrew literature, we should assume to be that half-fiction, half-history of which such stories in primitive literature are always composed; not only we should but we do assume it to be such; for the story of Samson in Hebrew literature and the story of Hercules in Greek literature remarkably parallel each other. To the same Semitic origin both names are traced by linguists. Both are men of extraordinary strength; of both specifically the same traditions are told; both slay a lion with their own hands; both suffer death, though in different ways, at the hands of their treacherous wives. One, a captive in Philistia, summoned to make sport for his enemies, pulls down the Temple of Dagon, and buries himself and the Philistines under its ruins; the other, a captive in Egypt, led forth to be sacrificed to Jupiter, breaks the bands which bind him, and slays the priests and scatters the assemblage. Even the custom of tying a lighted torch between two foxes in the circus, in memory of the damage once done the harvest-fields, was long kept up in Greece—a singular witness to the extent of this athlete's reputation. The modern or literary critic of the Bible, whose point of view is that given in the first article of this series, sees no reason for thinking that substantially the same stories are fiction when found in Greek literature, but history when found in Hebrew literature. The value of the stories does not depend upon their historical *vraisemblance;* their value is in their ethical significance. The lesson of the life is plain: muscular strength mated to moral weakness never makes a hero; the man who lacks self control can never be the deliverer or the true leader of a people.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

American Business Woman, The. By John Howard Cromwell, Ph.B., LL.B. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 428 pages. $2.

Many a woman who has money to invest or property to preserve runs remarkable risks and often sadly mismanages her affairs because she lacks necessary knowledge. This lack is met by such a volume as the present, in which the uninstructed will find valuable explanation and illustrations of the most important business transactions.

America's Story for America's Children. By Mara L. Pratt. Illustrated. (In Five Volumes.) Vol. I. The Beginner's Book. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 132 pages. 35c.

A simple relation of history for children's comprehension, well planned and well carried out.

An American Colonel. By the Hon. Jere Clemens. The Wolfe Publishing Co., Akron, O. 5½×8 in. 315 pages.

An attempt to tell in fiction the story of Aaron Burr and of his enmity to Hamilton. The fact that the author begins such a book with an elaborate and rhetorical description of the court of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1486, and then goes on to describe the discovery of America, thus approaching from afar the portion of American history which he wishes to tell, is an indication of the crudeness shown throughout in the construction and writing of the book.

Associate Hermits, The, and Stories. By Frank R. Stockton. (Shenandoah Edition, Vols. XIV. and XV.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. Sold by subscription.

One of these volumes contains "The Associate Hermits," the other presents some of the most widely read pieces which have come from Mr. Stockton's hand, among them "The Lady or the Tiger," "The Discourager of Hesitancy," and the delightful paper on "The Training of Parents." This beautiful edition has now reached the fifteenth volume, although the thirteenth has not been issued, but will be published a little later.

Burial of the Apprentice, The. By Henry W. Cherouny. The Cherouny Printing and Publishing Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 193 pages.

Boy. By Marie Corelli. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 348 pages. $1.50.

During the summer heat no occasion for mild amusement should be missed; hence every Dante student ought to read this author's comment on the great Florentine, strangely sandwiched between two scenes of her latest story, "Boy." The story has a well-constructed plot, however, and, in the hands of a more cunning workwoman, the framework would have supported a worthier structure. "Boy," alas, is largely stucco. He himself, the hero, is rather unreal. His babyhood is unlike other babyhoods, and at three years of age we find a precocity of observation on his part so unusual as to suggest a limited experience in observation on the author's. "Boy's" boyhood and young manhood are, as might be surmised, overwrought, weird, lurid periods of life. This is not saying, however, that "Boy" is an unhealthy story; far from it. It is a shade unnatural, although a somewhat strong shade. The characters are interesting, all of them, if they are not all attractive. The scene of the story begins in England and winds up in South Africa at the battle of Colenso in a blaze of Ouidian glare and gore.

Chronicles of Sir John Froissart. By Adam Singleton. Illustrated. (Appleton's Home Reading Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 235 pages. 75c.

To open the fourteenth century to the young reader of the nineteenth this edition of Froissart is an appropriate volume. The editor has condensed into fifty-four chapters the seven hundred chapters of Lord Berners's translation; in the many unchanged sentences we have the daily conversation of a nobleman of Shakespeare's time, just as the chronicles themselves are the work of a French contemporary of Chaucer. Mr. Singleton gives the pronunciation of foreign words in foot-notes, but he adds other notes by which the thought of the reader is quickly and admirably directed—indeed, the reader is almost enabled to place himself in the position of a reader of three centuries ago.

Cornelius Nepos: Twenty Lives. Edited by John Edmund Barss. (Macmillan's Latin Series. Edited by John Copeland Kirtland, Jr.) Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 316 pages. 90c.

A good working edition of the author who, next to Cæsar, is the greatest terror of schoolboys in their second-year Latin.

Flashes of Wit and Humor. By Robert Waters. Edgar S. Werner Publishing and Supply Co., New York. 5×7 in. 186 pages. $1.

The principal of the public schools at West Hoboken, N. J., has made a collection of witticisms which should commend itself to those who wish amusement, recreation, and rest. We think that the writer's best quotation lies in the story which he made a rule for himself in compiling the volume. General Grant, when one of his officers at a dinner-party remarked, "Now I may tell my story—there are no ladies present," quickly responded: "Well, colonel, though there are no ladies present, there are *some gentlemen!*"

History of Education, A. By Thomas Davidson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 292 pages. $1.

Mr. Davidson in this, his most recent work,

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sketching the history of education from prehistoric times to the present, exhibits education as the last and highest form of the world process of evolution, and as realizing the immanent purpose of that process in the moral personality of free individuals. No nobler dignity can be attributed to the work of the educator than in such a presentation of it, which commends itself most strongly to those teachers who have the worthiest views of their vocation. Only the most summary treatment can be given to such a subject in less than three hundred pages, but it is very clearly outlined, and the less known parts of the history receive proportionately more attention than the better known. Some of Mr. Davidson's generalizations, as he admits, are open to question. This strikes one rather sharply in his table of contents, which places literary Egypt and Babylonia, with others, in the chapter on "Barbarian Education," and Judea, with Greece and Rome, in that on "Civic Education." Furthermore, "The Supernatural Beginnings of Humanism" are made to appear first in the Græco-Roman world. Fully agreeing with Mr. Davidson that "righteousness is the mark of civic culture," and believing that the natural root of humanism is also supernatural, one must protest against some implications of his table. "The Babylonian law," says Professor Sayce, "started from the principle of individual responsibility," and a humane spirit appears in its earliest provisions. Even slaves were treated as persons rather than chattels. For the civic spirit of the Jews Mr. Davidson relies much on the Maccabean period, too forgetful, as it seems, of the internecine feuds in which its glory faded. Leaving criticism here, we strongly support Mr. Davidson's plea for school-extension. Our boasted free education is not free to those who through the necessities of wage-earning are not free to avail themselves of it. The early American ideal will not be realized till the poorest have in full equality with the richest an open door for education to the extent of their fitness and capacity. In this point of view, as well as others, Mr. Davidson's demand for the missionary spirit in teachers and members of the liberal professions needs reiteration till it is realized.

In Circling Camps. By Joseph A. Altsheler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 419 pages. $1.50.

This romance, like the author's previous productions, is a war story; and it is a good war story. In construction, character-drawing, and style it is worthy of attention on the part, not only of the average novel reader, but also on the part of the history student who would acquaint himself more thoroughly with the condition of society in Washington and in the South at the outbreak of our Civil War. This is not saying, however, that the romance is of the highest order.

John Ruskin. By Mrs. Meynell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 291 pages. $1.25.

A very interesting account of Ruskin by a very interesting woman who is acute, if not able, and full of surprises of thought and taking forms of expression. This book will receive further attention.

Julius Cæsar. By William Shakespeare. With Introduction and Notes Explanatory and Critical, by the Rev. Henry N. Hudson, LL.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾×7¼ in. 205 pages. 40c.

Mumford Memoirs. By James Gregory Mumford, M.D. The Merrymount Press, Boston. 6×9½ in. 248 pages.

This superbly printed volume is of interest chiefly to the Mumford family, being their history from 1655 to the present time. Incidentally this genealogical work contributes some illustration of our country's history during the past two and a half centuries.

Oldest Books in the World. By Isaac Myer, LL.B. Illustrated. Edwin W. Dayton, Madison Avenue and Sixtieth Street, New York. 6¾×10 in. 502 pages.

A finely printed and illustrated work of the merits of which we shall speak later.

Paris as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 397 pages. $1.50.

This is a timely publication in this Exposition year, and is distinguished by the compiler's well-known ability in selection. Only a very few of the extracts and translations here given from those who have described Paris may be put down as commonplace. The illustrations from photographs are not only good in themselves, but deserve special mention because they include delightful scenes and points of view unfamiliar to the ordinary tourist. The maps are not so admirable.

Pausanias and Other Greek Sketches. By J. G. Frazer. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 419 pages. $1.50.

As becomes one who is a traveler, historian, archæologist, and philologist, Professor Frazer knows his Greece well. In this volume of Greek sketches, the long sketch of Pausanias occupies the first third of the book, and is a reprint of the author's introduction to his edition of Pausanias's "Description of Greece." The "Pericles" is his contribution to the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The volume inexcusably lacks an index, and its usefulness as a book of reference in thus limited. It will be warmly welcomed, however, by all Greek students, and especially by those who have profited by the author's previous books.

Photographing Flowers and Trees. (The Photo-Miniature.) Tennant & Ward, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York. 5×8 in. 25c.

Our readers will remember the admirable photographic illustration with which Mr. J. Horace McFarland embellished his article on An American Garden in The Outlook Magazine Number for October, 1899. Mr. McFarland has prepared for the "Photo-Miniature" a treatise on the general subject of photographing trees and flowers, in which he draws upon his large and successful experience in this interesting branch of photography. The manual will be of much value to amateurs, and its beautiful plates would be treasured by any one.

Problems of Expansion. By Whitelaw Reid. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 294 pages. $1.50.

This discussion of the problems of expansion

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will attract particular interest because it is from the editor of the New York "Tribune," who is also an ex-Minister to France, a recent Vice-Presidential candidate, a special ambassador on the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee, and one of the negotiators of the Spanish-American treaty Mr. Whitelaw Reid is one of the best-known Americans. Public interest in his book, therefore, will be general. His own interest in the subject has been remarkably intelligent and well-balanced. He expresses himself with clearness and cogency, and his essays cover with gratifying completeness the various phases of the problems which have confronted us concerning our island possessions. Readers will take special note of the author's account of the way in which the much-criticised payment of twenty million dollars came to be made on the Philippines account, and in the question of the application of tariffs in territory belonging to the United States. The value of the volume is enhanced by the text of the Congressional resolutions upon the subject of Cuba, the text of the Protocol of Washington, and of the Treaty of Paris.

Point of Contact in Teaching, The. By Patterson Du Boise. (Fourth Edition.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 131 pages. 75c.

Representative Significance of Form, The. By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×7½ in. 514 pages. $2.

Secret of the Crater, The. By Duffield Osborne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¾×6¾ in. 312 pages. $1.

A lively and ingenious romance of the South Pacific. The hero, a young naval officer, finds an unknown island inhabited by descendants of the ancient Phœnicians. Fortunately, but rather oddly, the young lieutenant happens to be able to speak Phœnician. Of course he at once falls in love with the king's daughter, is hated by the chief priest, and undergoes a series of extraordinary adventures which we will not attempt to relate. This book is both a love-story and a story of fighting. It has no permanent value, but will fill an idle hour acceptably.

Soul of a Christian, The. By Frank Granger, D.Lit., M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 303 pages. $1.50.

The breadth of view which characterizes the book thus entitled appears in the statement that he who loves another disinterestedly "is a Christian without knowing it." Professor Granger works in the same field with Professors Starbuck and Coe, whose "Psychology of Religion" and "Spiritual Life" The Outlook reviewed June 16. He discusses religious experiences from the psychological point of view. His materials are found in the biographies of eminent characters, as Augustine, Santa Teresa, Bunyan, George Fox, Wesley, besides others, and the facts gathered by general reading. The religious ideal is in his view like a word the letters of which are spelled out by successive experiences. As it is a social ideal, it can be realized completely only in the life of a religious society and but partially in an individual life. The qualities demanded by a universal church require spiritual disinterestedness, the foregoing of private inclination and prejudice for the sake of a catholic faith. The specific religious spirit finds a wholesome check in the love of civil freedom and in the scientific spirit. As to "conversion," Professor Granger agrees with the conclusions which Professor Starbuck reached by the documentary method, viewing it as essentially an unselfing process, issuing in the realization of a larger self in a universal relation. The eternal life, as realized in the religious spirit, is of that supreme type "in which each constituent being is a conscious element in the being of a vast whole." The Whole or All, Professor Granger terms "the oversoul," defining this as "spirit," or as "the system of processes under which the attribute of thought is revealed." His discussion of the varied phenomena of the spiritual life touches various points of agreement with the American investigators above named, but takes a wider range, including a chapter on "Direction, Confession, Casuistry," and one on "Symbol and Ritual," of which he fears not use but abuse. His criticism is sane and healthy; his sympathies are catholic; his utterance is unconventional and free. A word to remember and ponder comes with power at the close: "The soul is not present in all its completeness from the first. It has to be gained amid the tumult of experience."

Stephen Decatur. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. (The Beacon Biographies. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 3½×5½ in. 137 pages. 75c.

Mr. Brady writes spiritedly and enthusiastically of the best-known American sailor in the century between Paul Jones and Farragut. Not inaptly has Decatur been called the American Nelson. His character was even more admirable than Nelson's, and, though its influence on history is not so monumental, it is, at all events, worthy of immortal fame in the chronicles of brave deeds. For what deed was braver or bolder than the firing of the Philadelphia in the harbor of Tripoli, what more daring than the capture of H. B. M. frigate Macedonian, or the fight of the President with the British squadron? In these days, when America has become so emphatically a world-power, let us remember that so far back as 1815 our hand was recognized in foreign affairs. In that year Decatur exacted submission and peace from the Dey of Algiers. A marked excellence of this latest addition to the admirable "Beacon Biographies" is that, while the author does ample justice to his inspiring subject, he also gives a remarkably clear picture of National life and thought in the years before and during and after the War of 1812.

Theaters: Their Safety from Fire and Panic, Their Comfort and Healthfulness. By William Paul Gerhard, C.E. Bates & Guild Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 110 pages.

Textual Index of the Bible. T. H. McGahey. Published by the author, Quincy, Ill. 6×9 in. About 600 pages.

This is a large and well-bound octavo blank-book, paged in the order of the books of the Bible, and margined in the order of its chap-

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ters and verses, for the entry of references to anything met with in one's reading bearing on any text. It seems to be very well planned for its purpose, to enable the student to make a record with the minimum of labor and with the maximum of advantage in finding what he wants when he wants it.

Tuen, Slave and Empress. By Kathleen Gray Nelson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 191 pages. $1.25.

We have already spoken of this semi-fictitious biography of the life of the Empress Dowager of China—the woman whose abuse of her influence and power has led to the present critical condition of affairs in China. The author's preface makes the extraordinary error of stating that the Empress Dowager is the mother of the present Emperor. A new edition of the book has naturally been called out by the present universal interest in Chinese history and character.

Will B. More Letters. By Honor L. Wilhelm. Published by the Author, Seattle, Wash. 5×7½ in. 304 pages. $1.50.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.

A friend of mine does not believe that God answers our prayers in behalf of a third party. "Why," he says, "should God bless or help the person you are praying for, and leave unblessed another person whom he knows to be in greater need than the one you are praying for, simply because there is nobody to pray for him, or no one who is aware of his need? How can this be answered? Does God help the unfortunate who are *not* prayed for as readily as the unfortunate who *are* prayed for? Will the prayer of a friend make a difference in God's action? R. E. A.

We do not think there is a person on earth who is not prayed for by some Christians, though not by name. Prayer is simply one among many forms of human co-operation with God, and is both as necessary and as effectual as the other forms, though in its own way. The mystery of it is that it acts upon our unseen environment, while in other forms of co-operation with God we act upon our visible environment. The speculative philosophy of it cannot be set forth in a paragraph, and perhaps could not be understood. But it is always practical philosophy to use the things we do not understand as those do who understand them best. Hence the teaching and example of Jesus in regard to prayer are deemed best to follow, except by those who think themselves equal to Jesus in knowledge of the laws of spiritual life and the immaterial and spiritual environment of this world of the senses. It cannot be said of prayer, or of any other form of co-operation with God, that it "makes a difference in God's action." But it makes a difference in results.

Is there anything published setting forth each of the books of the Bible, and overcoming the difficulties found therein? G. A. B.

See Bennett's "Primer of the Bible" (H. Holt & Co., New York, $1.25), Burnett and Adeney's "Introduction to the Bible," and Adeney's "How to Read the Bible" (T. Whittaker, New York, $2.50). These will remove some difficulties of a general kind. Other and special difficulties are numerous, and vary with the various classes of readers. How to meet those that are in your mind we cannot tell till we know what they are.

1. What is the difference between "modern Unitarianism" and that system of philosophy called "monism," as propounded by Paul Carus, of Chicago? 2. What book or books would you suggest as a help on that subject? 3. Have you read the "Soul of Man," by Dr. Carus? If so, what is your opinion of it, and would you recommend it as an antidote for one who is slightly tinctured with agnosticism? G. W. H.

1. Unitarianism is not a system of philosophy, but a system of religious beliefs. Philosophically, Unitarianism squares with monism better than some other religious beliefs. But monism is of various types. We think some Unitarians are of Dr. Carus's type, and some are not. 2. On Unitarianism read Dr. Clarke's "Manual of Belief" (Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Boston, 20 cents). On the philosophical problem see Hyde's "Practical Idealism" and Rogers's "Modern Philosophy" (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.50 each). 3. See our review of it in The Outlook, April 14, page 881. We should not recommend it for the person you refer to, but rather President Hyde's book, above named

1. Could you give me the name of any literature on the subject of boys' clubs, and work of that class; how to conduct, etc.? 2. What is your estimate of George R. (?) Smith's "Christian Theology"? 3. Your interpretation of "None other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved"? W.

1. Some notice of the subject will be found in Bacon and Northrop's "Young People's Societies" (Lentilhon & Co., New York. 50c.). The Social Settlement people in your city can give you points, no doubt. 2. We have not seen it yet. 3. "Name," in the Bible usage of the word, is representative of personality, *i. e.*, of spirit and character, while in modern usage it denotes mere distinctiveness, like a label. The text you quote accordingly means that the only saving spirit is the spirit of Christ; the only saved character the character of Christ, or the Christlike character.

"SABBATH" FOOTBALL. We have received letters showing that some of our readers have grievously misunderstood the Dean of Ely's statement in his "Impressions of America" (see The Outlook of June 23, page 449), that the [Chicago] University, on the Saturday that he visited it, "had gone off to keep Sabbath at a football match." Our correspondents regard him as meaning that the game was to be played on Sunday. Familiarity with the fact that Episcopalians designate the first day of the week either as "Sunday" or as "the Lord's day," never as "the Sabbath," would have obviated this misunderstanding. The Dean is not responsible for it. He took pains to say "Sabbath," not "*the* Sabbath," which many Christians use to designate the Lord's day. Lecky says (History of Morals ii., 244) that the Christian Sunday was never confounded with the Jewish Sabbath till the close of the sixteenth century. A pity it should still be so. "Keep sabbath" is an Old Testament phrase signifying simply *to rest*; as in 2 Chronicles xxxvi., 21, the land that rests from tillage is said to "keep sabbath." The Dean had perfect right to use the phrase as he did, with a seemingly jocular turn. Englishmen have often been smiled at for failures to comprehend American humor. It looks as if in this case the smile might be, for once, on the other side.

Where can I secure information as to books, games, and entertainments adapted to the legitimate Sunday entertainment of the children? C. B. A.

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Correspondence

The Philippine Problem

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of June 16 you restate your position on the Philippine question. Let me premise by saying that the views of The Outlook on this question have, for a long time, been a source of puzzlement and of grief to thousands of your readers. To men who see, or think they see, the heart of this National problem, the position taken by you and many other enlightened, patriotic citizens, more especially of the ministerial class, seems incomprehensible. But is it not a historic repetition? It is the universal testimony of the men who fought for the freedom of the slave, winning the pre-eminently heroic battle of the nineteenth century, that their most persistent and most able enemies were lodged in the pulpits of the North and South, and that the greatest bulwark of slavery was the American Church. Last month the Rev. Madison C. Peters, of New York, speaking to the mass-meeting of Baptist missionaries in Detroit in defense of the present Philippine policy, said: "We should be traitors to the flag and enemies to the cross did we leave these peoples to retrogression and savagery. Nations ought not to stand still when God says 'Go forward.'" Now, then, I ask, to whom did God say it? To Dr. Peters? or to William McKinley? If so, particulars will be gratefully received. I would maintain, to the contrary, that the Devil said it, and believe I can come far nearer to furnishing proof.

You argue that after "the destruction of the Spanish fleet, we became, according to the law of nations and in the court of conscience, responsible for the protection of life and property in the islands." Granted; just as we did in the case of Cuba. You then state (I give the leading points of your argument) that "when the Spanish fleet was destroyed, there was no Filipino government of any kind in the islands; there was not even a Filipino revolution; there had not even been a demand by the Filipinos for independence," etc. Taking up the last statement, which is the reiteration of a similar statement put forward in the Report of the Philippine Commission as a justification of our National course, I call attention to the fact that our own Revolutionary fathers never dreamed of independence until circumstances forced them into such a demand. A few days before the affair at Lexington, Franklin gave testimony that he had "more than once traveled almost from one end of the Continent to the other, and kept a variety of company, eating, drinking, and conversing with them freely, and never had heard from any person, drunk or sober, the least expression of a wish for a separation, or a hint that such a thing would be advantageous to America." Only thirty-seven days before the battle of Concord John Adams said: "That there are any who pant after independence is the greatest slander on the province." This testimony could be strongly reinforced by the statements of Washington, Jefferson, Jay, and many others. So that argument had better be put aside.

You continue to argue that there was, and is, grave question as to adequate protection of life and property in the Philippine Islands. As to this, would it not be well to reread the statements of Mr. Leonard R. Sargent, published in The Outlook of September 1 and 21, 1899? Does he not explicitly state that "it cannot be denied that in a region occupied by many millions of inhabitants, for nearly six months it [the Aguinaldo government] stood alone between anarchy and order"? Is there not abundant evidence that life and property were relatively safe in these islands until it was learned that they were to be "benevolently assimilated"? Yet I will not even press this point.

You conclude with the reasoning that we have no satisfactory evidence that the Aguinaldo party adequately represents the wishes of the inhabitants or has the power to govern them, and that finally we must continue to exercise the responsibility of that government, "until, by the creation and development of local self-government, a political organization is created capable of exercising in the islands the functions of sovereignty. Exactly so; just as we are doing with Cuba. But

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here is where you stop and where we, who are fighting this Philippine policy, insist on going further. We ask: "How about the future independence of those islands?" This Nation proclaimed, as a war justification, that "the Cubans are, and of right ought to be, free and independent." Why not the Filipinos? We gave our National pledge, so far as Cuba was concerned, "that the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is completed, to leave the government and control of the island to its people." Why not give the same pledge to the Philippine Islands? How justify a war of liberation for an island almost touching our shores, and a war of conquest for islands thousands of miles away? Edmund Burke, arguing for American freedom, said: "Plain, good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind." President McKinley has had over a year's time in which to declare such "plain, good intention." A Republican Congress has had six months in which to declare that our intention was not to annex the Filipinos, but to help them, under their independent government, to work out their own destiny. In the Republican Convention just closed, Senator Wolcott brutally admitted: "The last, the very last, thing we intend doing is to consider, even for a moment, the question of giving up or abandoning these islands." Senator Lodge, speaking of the Philippines, said: "Civil government shall be established and the people advanced as rapidly as possible along the road to entire freedom and to self-government under our flag." Please note: "*Under our flag.*" The Republican Platform, in the very last paragraph, as if an unwilling afterthought, promises to keep its pledge to Cuba of "independence and self-government," but does not give the same pledge to the Filipinos, ambiguously veiling its intention by saying: "The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duties shall be secured to them by law."

We who oppose this Philippine policy think that our war with Spain was justifiable only, if at all, because it was to bring freedom and independence to an oppressed people. We believe that it was, and is, our duty to offer to the Filipinos the same blessings of independent self-government which we promised to the Cubans. We believe that, under our American traditions and ideals, we cannot buy unwilling nations; that, as a condition of just sovereignty, we must obtain "the consent of the governed;" that, with patient, helpful co-operation, our country should assist nations to independent self-administration of government; and that, as a means of racial education and natural evolutionary development, self-government is a higher ideal than extraneously imposed good government. We are not willing to barter the principles of Washington for the principles of Machiavelli, nor, as emblems of American civilization, to surrender the olive branch and the cross for the rifle and the sombrero of "the rough rider."

At the Philadelphia Republican Convention on Wednesday, fifteen white-haired men, survivors of the first Republican Convention in 1856, came down the aisles bearing a tattered American flag, and presented resolutions, concluding with the soul-stirring declaration: "We heartily indorse the administration of Hon. William McKinley, which gives us such unbounded prosperity." When that first Republican Convention was held, a state paper, known as "The Ostend Manifesto," had just been issued, which, after stating, "The sufferings which the corrupt, arbitrary, and unrelenting local administration necessarily entails upon the inhabitants of Cuba cannot fail to stimulate and keep alive that spirit of resistance and revolution against Spain which has, of late years, been so often manifested," proposed that the United States should either buy the island from Spain or wrest it by force from her authority. The Republican Convention of 1856, animated then by the holy and enduring principles of true republican liberty, principles which to-day live in the breasts of more worthy survivors, such as Senator Hoar and Governor Boutwell, adopted the following as one of the planks of its platform: "Resolved, that the highwayman's plea that 'might makes right,' embodied in the Ostend circular, was in every respect unworthy

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of American diplomacy, and would bring shame and dishonor upon any government or people that gave it their sanction."

LOUIS R. EHRICH,

Colorado Springs, Colo.

[In accordance with our principle, which is to give our readers the strongest argument which we can obtain against our views, whether in theology or ethics, we give them this letter, without reply. We are never afraid to give an opponent "the last word." We give it to Mr. Ehrich.—THE EDITORS.]

The St. Louis Rioters

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook for June 16, in a paragraph on "The Bloodshed in St. Louis," makes this statement: "A procession of strikers, returning from a picnic in apparent good humor, encountered a street-car near the headquarters of a company of deputies. Some one in the crowd threw a brick through one of the car windows, and when others crowded about the car a picket for the deputies gave the alarm of riot. Four deputies rushed out and fired into the ranks of the strikers," etc.

The facts are that the "picnickers" had spent the afternoon at East St. Louis, Ill., terrorizing the community. So riotous were they that the cars were stopped, the police force there not being large enough to cope with eight hundred men. The police were obliged to release those whom they had arrested. On the return of the strikers their route was to be up Franklin Avenue. Instead they went to Washington Avenue, where are the posse headquarters. They were looking for trouble, and a large number were armed. Out of twelve men arrested in one bunch, eight had revolvers, and the others brass knuckles and such articles.

When the brick was thrown, several unarmed deputies went out to arrest the man. Their lives were threatened by strikers with guns, and armed deputies went to assist, to defend, their comrades. They shot to save their own lives and the lives of others. They were but few in number, and acted with coolness and decision.

Who are the deputies? They are the most influential, the most public-spirited men in St Louis, and they have endured hardship, abuse, and financial loss to restore order in the city. It has been a case of *noblesse oblige*, where those not summoned have volunteered.

South St. Louis, toward Carondelet, where there has been and is the most mob violence, has a large foreign population. A German paper, known as the "Westliche Post," misleads and inflames the people. Are we doing all we can to make good citizens of our foreign emigrants? When we give them the ballot before they are prepared for it, are we doing them a kindness? We are barely through the terrors of the dynamite period, and have entered upon the boycott. It will prove a boomerang.

St. Louis, Mo. C. C. ELIOT.

Hospital Work

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Can you tell us why it is that while the wealthy are constantly giving to colleges and libraries, it is rarely that large bequests are made to our hospitals? And yet, as Christian people, what should as strongly appeal to us? Considering that the ministry of Christ was largely devoted to the curing of sick people, is it not probable that rather than in costly church buildings his name is most honored when the suffering ones are cared for in hospitals, which in the early days were fittingly called "Houses of God."

As our friends do not all know the grave problem which at this time confronts the trustees of hospitals in Greater New York, will you not in the way that may seem best to you bring our case as soon as possible before the readers of The Outlook. From personal knowledge I write especially of Memorial Hospital for Women and Children, in Brooklyn. Our appropriations from the city are cut off. We are allowed only sixty cents a day for medical and eighty cents for surgical cases, about half that it costs us to care for them. And this is given only in emergency cases, when we must prove that the patient was unable to go to Flatbush.

We are thankful to know that Kings County Hospital is conducted in a much better way than formerly; but there are cases constantly appealing to us from a class of women and young girls whom it would seem cruel to send there.

In the meanwhile the state of our treas-

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ury is such that it is impossible for us to receive charity cases unless money for them can be raised by special appeals.

Surely, if all this was generally known, those who have the means would remember the good cause in their legacies, but still better, while living would endow our hospitals, and so bring to themselves the truest happiness, that which comes to those to whom it may be said, "Enter into joy, for I was sick and ye visited me."

IRENE H. OVINGTON,
Secretary of Training School.

Talladega

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The tide of interest in philanthropic efforts for the negro now runs in the direction of industrial education; and rightly, we believe, so long as it does not become narrow. The American Missionary Association, which a competent authority has declared to have done more for the uplifting of the negro than all other philanthropic organizations combined, has, without abating its normal and religious work, not been slow to recognize the negro's need of the training of hand and eye as well as brain. Prominent officials of the State are on record in hearty approval of its industrial work at Tougaloo, Miss.; and now at Talladega, Ala., after years of effort in industrial lines with very inadequate equipment, an earnest effort is in progress to erect a Girls' Industrial Building. Miss E. C. Cory, the college teacher of sewing and cooking, being strong in the conviction that negro progress, like Anglo-Saxon, must have its roots in the home, and that a one-room cabin, without comfort, privacy, or refinement, is not a home, is now in the North seeking funds for this greatly needed adjunct to the college. One hopeful feature of the undertaking is that the colored people of the town have, out of their poverty, pledged towards it $1,300. Another is the keen desire of the colored girls to learn. Donors would do well to remember that aid in enlarging the work of an established and successful institution is the most economical form of giving, since nothing is required for foundation work. Part of the plant and most of the force, to say nothing of local reputation and influence, are already on the ground. Contributions may be sent to the American Missionary Association, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York.

G. C.

Pure Food Reform

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the article on "The Urgent Need of Pure Food Reform" in The Outlook for June 16, Mr. Mason speaks of "the present efforts of the dairy interests to have Congress prevent the general sale of oleomargarine by imposing the heavy tax of ten cents per pound upon it." This would seem to imply that the Grout bill imposed a tax of ten cents per pound upon oleomargarine as such, which is not the case. The bill would have laid the tax only upon oleomargarine colored to resemble yellow butter, while upon oleomargarine not so colored it would have reduced the present tax of two cents per pound to, I think, one-fourth of a cent. The justification of such legislation is that it seems the only effective way of preventing fraudulent sales.

CHARLES I. BRIGHAM.

[Mr. Mason, the author of the article referred to, writes in reply to this suggestion: "It is admittedly true that the Grout bill would have imposed the ten-cent tax on the colored product only, but this is virtually a tax on oleomargarine as such, for, as has been repeatedly demonstrated, few consumers will buy and eat an uncolored product—perhaps because the resemblance to lard is too great. Even pale but good butter can scarcely find a market. It can hardly be denied, I think, that the dairy interests are striving through the Grout bill to prevent the general sale of oleomargarine. This is quite generally understood, I believe."—THE EDITORS.]

Good Books for Alaska

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Hidden away in their little cabins and dug-outs, thousands of miners in Alaska, that land of midday darkness, spend their winters, away from home and all that makes life bright and cheerful. These men have had but one alternative. If not the dim cabin or bunk-house, it was the saloon.

Now, however, many of these mining camps are to have Christian Club Rooms. A free library and reading-room in every town in Alaska is the ambition of the Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, Superintendent of Congregational Missions in that great territory.

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After successfully planting hospitals, churches, and relief stations in various parts of Alaska, Mr. Wirt has just returned from Cape Nome, having made 1,250 miles of his 8,000-mile journey over the frozen Behring Sea with dogs and snow-shoes.

Let as many of your readers as can assist in making the winters less dreary for the thousands of young men who are going from our best American homes to the conquest of that new land, by sending books to fill the shelves of these warm, light, cheerful reading-rooms which Mr. Wirt and his associates are scattering over Alaska.

Our postal department will carry a book to Cape Nome as cheaply as to Boston. For the four months of summer mail steamers can cross the Behring Sea, but after October 1 a thousand miles of ice shuts off communication.

Let us send the gospel of good literature to Alaska and assist in saving our brothers from mental stagnation on the one hand and the blighting influence of the saloon and its kindred evils on the other. Books addressed to Loyal L. Wirt, Cape Nome, Alaska, will reach camp or the cabin where the need is greatest. **

Lincoln University

By Caroline D. Smith

In the early fifties a negro in southeastern Pennsylvania went daily to a certain spot to pray for the education which should fit him for missionary work in Africa. It was in the heat of the anti-slavery agitation, and all doors were closed; but, through the exertions of a wise minister, his prayers were answered. The stone which had been his altar is the cornerstone of the first building of Lincoln University, whose achievements are as truly founded on his need. The institution met bitter opposition until after the war, but proved its rights by its work. Since emancipation its scope is limited only by its resources. The expenses of study are made very low by careful management of a small endowment, and some worthy students are helped by private generosity. But the University gives no assistance, wisely stimulating industry and self-control, while confining its benefits to young men of purposeful character. "He who will not endure trial is not worth the help." Since applications always outnumber vacancies, it can choose the best material; the incapable or indolent are not retained. There are now over two hundred students, from the Southern States, the West Indies, and African mission stations. They are thoroughly trained for professional or distinctively religious work, and cannot fail to carry tremendous uplift to their people. Many of the alumni hold important positions in educational work in the South, and others are missionaries, teachers, or government officials in the West Indies, Liberia, or South Africa.

The Commencement exercises, held at Lincoln University, near Oxford, Pa., on June 5, attracted many guests from Philadelphia and Washington. They found attractive and well-equipped buildings in a natural park, a fine body of students, and a throng of negroes to whom the day must have taught object-lessons. Indeed, the change from year to year in the appearance and manner of the negro audience is convincing witness to the influence of the University. Besides the various dormitories and recitation halls, the group of buildings includes a chapel, a small but good hospital, and a fine new library. The trustees announced arrangements for a much-needed gymnasium. The negro is a natural orator, and the speeches on the programme were very creditable. Most interesting and timely were the pleas for Christian unity in our new possessions, by Joseph Creagh, a West Indian, and for the Gospel, as the hope of Africa, by Thomas Chalmers Katiya, of South Africa. The latter is preparing for missionary work among his people, the Tecubu tribe, to whom the war is bringing brighter prospects. His command of English is extraordinary. He won the prize for the best essay on "Personal Responsibility for Character." This year the University first honored a woman, giving the degree of M.A. to Miss Lucy Laney, Principal of Haynes Memorial School in Alabama. In addition to her regular duties, she has, by gratuitous night-work, prepared a number of young men for advanced classes in this and other colleges.

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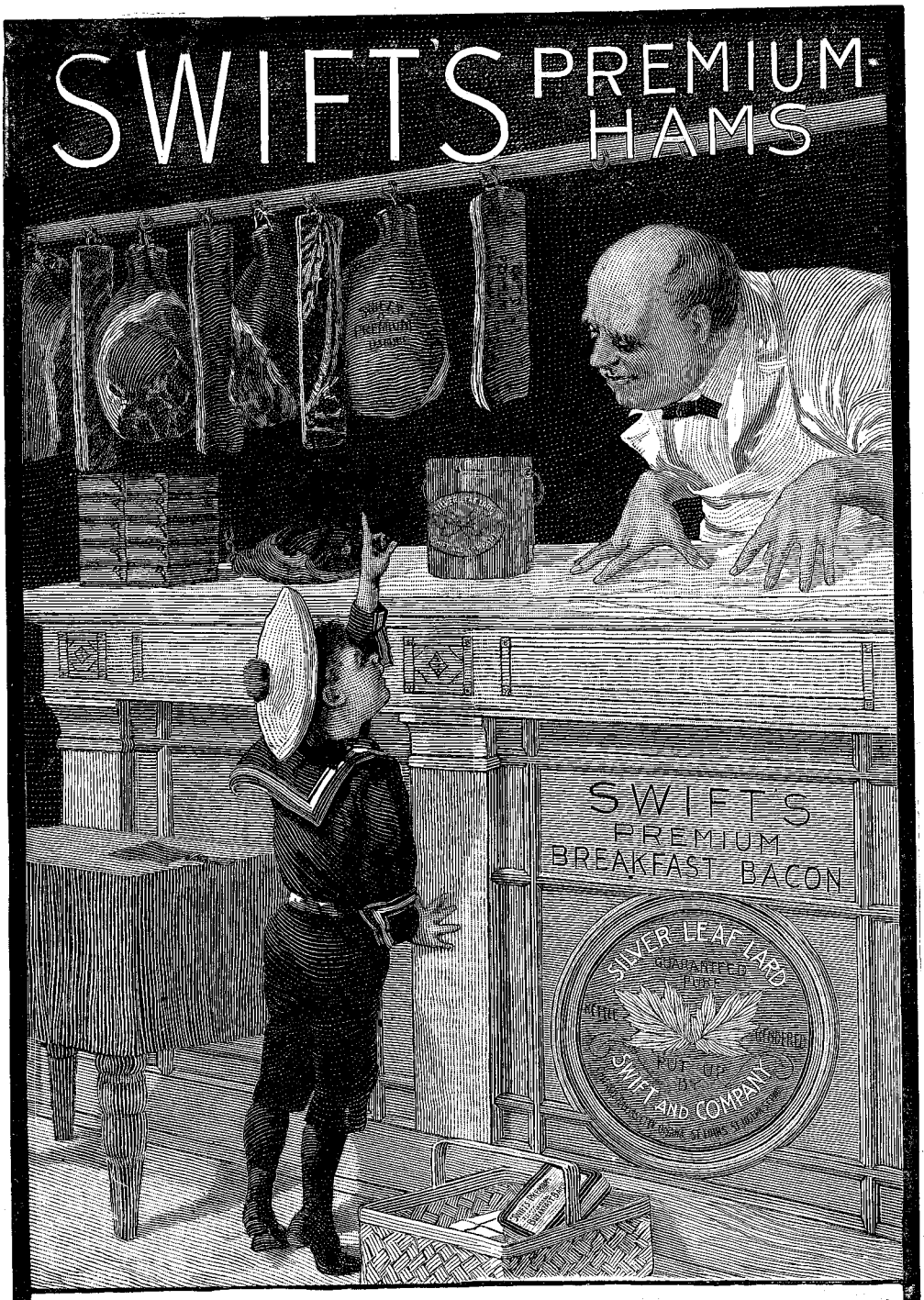
SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAMS



Care in selection, science in curing, and daintiness in wrapping combine to make Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon the best and most attractive meats sold in any market. There is no variation in their quality.

Swift's Sliced Breakfast Bacon is the ideal summer bacon. Sliced thin and even, and packed in key-opening tins.

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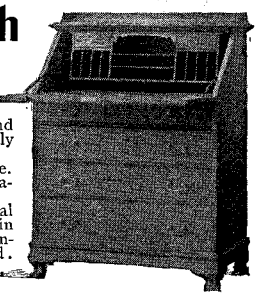

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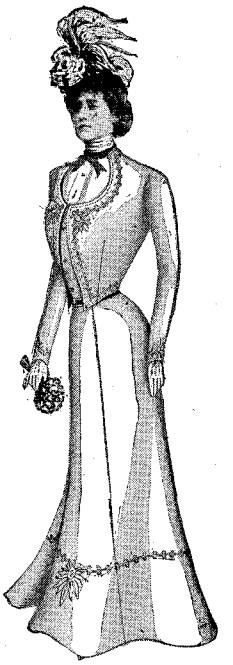

Tailor-made Suits, lined throughout; former price $10; reduced to $6.67. $15 Suits reduced to $10. $20 Suits reduced to $13.34. $25 Suits reduced to $16.67.

Separate All-wool Skirts; former price $6; reduced to $4.

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Handsome Wash Suits in the newest models; former price $4; reduced to $2.

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Wash Skirts, indispensable for summer wear; former price $3; reduced to $1.50.

$4 Wash Skirts reduced to $2. $5 Wash Skirts reduced to $2.50.

Reduced prices on Bicycle Suits, Separate Bicycle Skirts, Rainy-Day Suits and Skirts.

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NO LAUNDRY WORK

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Crib Size, $2.50 to $4.50 a pair.
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All are cut and bound singly.

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The only PERFECT SKIN and TOILET SOAP known
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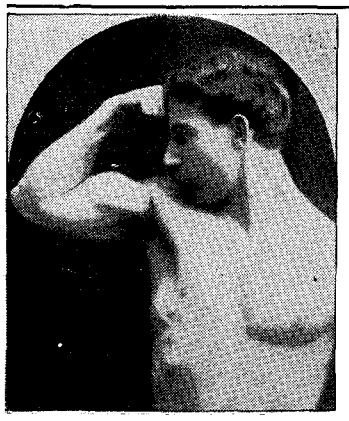
AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.



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What makes you look that way? There must be some good reason for it. Perhaps your tongue can tell the secret. Look at it and see. If it is coated, and if you have a bad taste in your mouth, if you are frequently dizzy, feel dull and drowsy, if your head aches, and if your food rests heavy on your stomach,

That's Your Liver

A bad liver makes all kinds of badness. There's nothing its equal for making a man cross and a woman nervous. A bad liver means bad lessons for the children and bad tempers for the teachers.

Get your liver right and your dyspepsia and disposition will be all right. Take a good liver pill, an easy liver pill, a pill that any member of the family can take with perfect safety and perfect success.

That's Ayer's

A box of them lasts a long time, for the dose is only "one at bedtime." You don't want a pill that simply gives a little temporary relief. What you want is a pill that cures constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, and Ayer's Pills are just that kind.

25 cents a box. All druggists.

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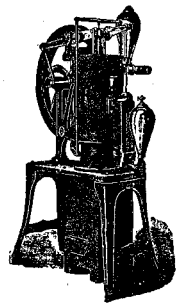

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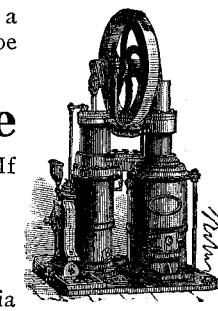
A record of twenty-five years as an endorsement. If interested, send for catalogue "D."



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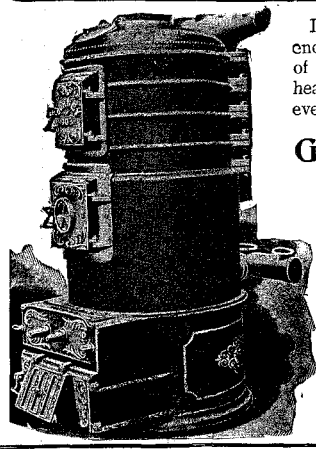

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